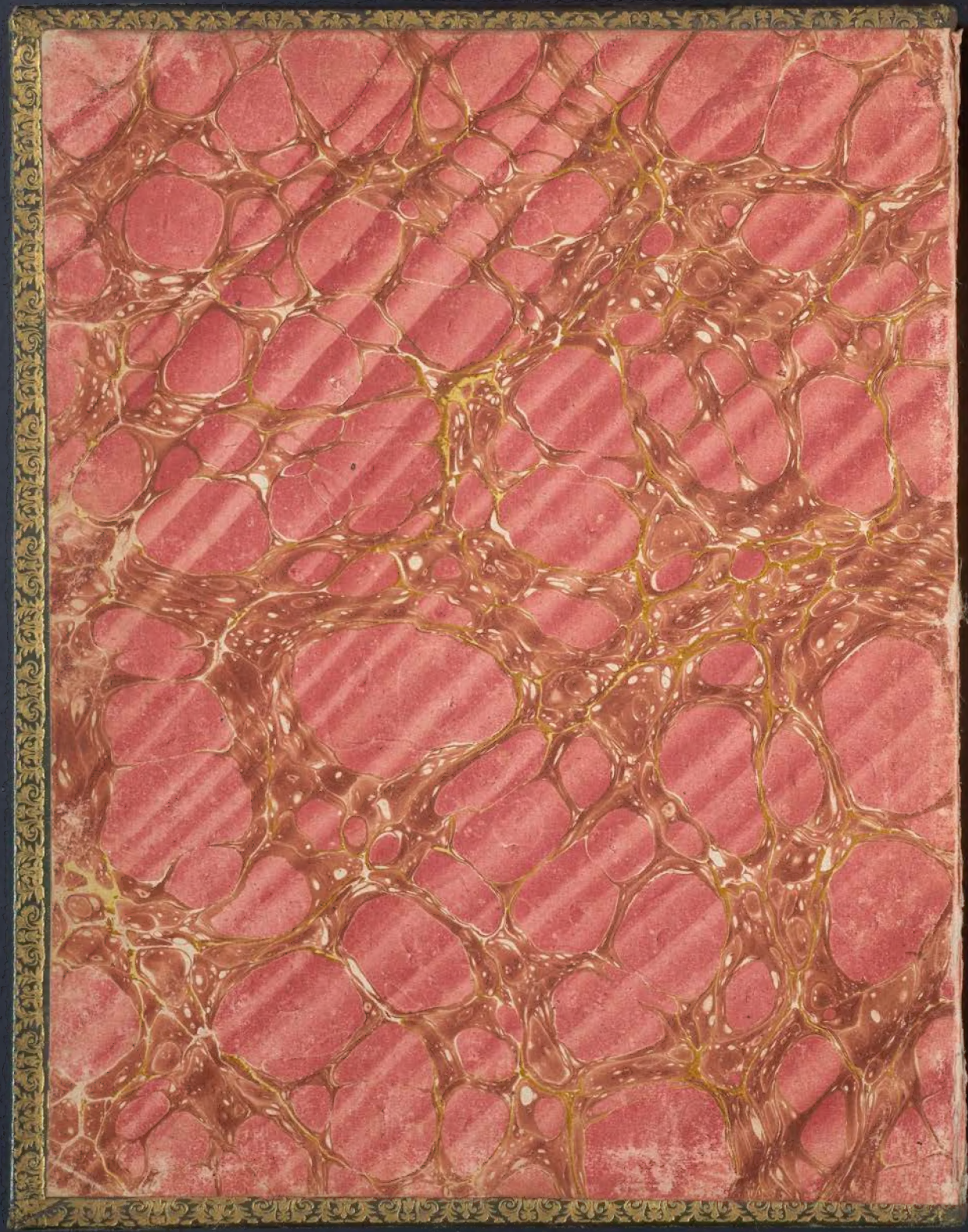
LE

SOUVENIR



Charlotte Elizabeth Hastead.

from Dedham

being the Scrap Book made by her

Aunt Catharine

who died

Feb.y 6

1829.

Aged. 70 yrs.

1

My firſt, juſt revers'd, in the morning is ſeen,
Hid under my next gold and ſilver has been;
My whole is a bleſſing when manag'd with ſkill,
But ſometimes, alas! proves a compound of ill.

2

TAKE half of what a whole was never yet,
And juſt three parts in five of a nice fiſh;
Theſe combinations if you rightly hit,
The very thing's before you that you wiſh.

3

TO that which always near the heart its ſtation keeps,
Add what we find where ſtagnant water ſleeps,
And then at full the name will be diſplay'd
Of a large town, renown'd for wealth and trade.

4

MY birth is mean, my bulk is small,
Yet by my power high buildings fall,
I speak aloud, yet want a tongue,
Not Samson's arm was half so strong;
Like him no gates my progress stay,
And by my death I thousands slay;
I seldom wound till I am dead,
And e'er I win the field am fled;
No feet I have, yet swiftly run,
And never speak till I'm undone;
With clouds the troubled air I fill,
And seldom touch the wretch I kill;
Note but my habit, you would swear,
That I some country parson were;
But when I take my soldier's hue,
My colours then are red and blue.

5

What is that which
often comes to Table,
is always cut but
never eaten. -

A good Dinner then
what every thing has

KENTWELL HALL SUFFOLK.——Seat of Richard Mayes Esqr

On the UNCERTAINTY of HUMAN JOYS.

Why dost thou pine for sordid Gain,
Procur'd with toil, employ'd with pain?
The wealth of Cresus cannot save,
Or buy one moment from the grave;
When death commands, e'en Monarchs must obey.
And change the purple for a garb of clay;
Then if thy wishes be for Gain,
Let virtue in thy bosom reign.
Why dost thou seek delusive fame,
Or barter substance for a name!
Those vaunting brows with laurels crown'd,
The solemn cypress must surround;
Impartial death prepares an equal grave,
For conqu'ring hero and for vanquish'd slave;
If thy ambition pants for fame,
Let virtue be thy steadfast aim.
Why dost thou trust in beauty; say!
'Tis like a flow'r that fades away;
The tyrant smiles at beauty's bloom,
And plucks it to adorn the tomb;
His ruthless hand, with all-subduing sway,
Enshrines alike the youthful and the grey;
If thou would'st be for ever fair,
Let Virtue be thy constant care.
When wealth, and fame, and beauty pass away,
Her hand shall bear thee to eternal day.

7

A Hundred in fifty, with nothing betwixt,
At the back of five hundred must rightly be fix'd;
And I know you'll acknowledge, without any strife,
It gives what is felt in all stations of life.

8

JUST two-thirds of six,
I'd have you prefix
To exactly the centre of wit;
When that you have done,
Add two thirds of one,
And my meaning you'll certainly hit.

9

MY first can never be old,
My next is a public way,
My whole there are few so bold
Would wish to know for a day.

FOR THE IPSWICH JOURNAL.

The SHANNON and CHESAPEAKE.

To Capt. Broke, R. N.

Three fatal fights Britannia saw
With mix'd surprise, and woe,
For thrice she saw her union flag
By hostile hands laid low.
Then casting round an anxious eye
Amongst her naval men,
Her choice she made, that choice was Broke,
To raise her flag again.
"Command, she cries, yon gallant ship,
And form her chosen crew,
And bid my flag victorious fly,
Where it was wont to do."
Broke, with delight, the charge receives,
Aloft his ensign flies;
Britannia hails her ardent son,
"He conquers or he dies."
The foes, in warlike pride, advanc'd,
Exulting in the past;
Broke saw, serenely smil'd, and cried,
"The Java was your last."
With wily art the Shannon plays,
Hark! her artillery roars;
With skill, scarce less, the Chesapeake
Her rattling broadside pours.
Thus, as they fought, they closer drew,
And soon fast lock'd they lay;
Th' auspicious moment Broke observ'd,
"Haste, boarders, haste away."
He spoke, and with the lightning's speed
Led on the boarding crew:
In fifteen minutes! proud, aloft,
The British union flew.
Hail, Suffolk's pride! such fame, may I,
A son of Suffolk, share;
Or if I fail, like gallant Watt,
To fall what hour so fair?
Lead on, where'er your country calls,
And glory points the way;
Wherever ocean rolls his tides,
Your conquering flag display:
And prove, tho' thrice superior force
Might transient trophies gain,
Britannia rules the watery world,
Sole Empress of the main.

At sea, August 1, 1813. EDWARD STEWART, R. N.
Lieutenant of H. M. S. Royal Oak.

10

A food the greedy pigeons love,
'Tis eaten by the turtle-dove;
Transpos'd my heart doth sympathize
When e'er they fall from Chloe's eyes:
Once more transpos'd—Belles hear the news.
They then become the parish dues.

11

12

13

My first keeps time from day to day,
My second wastes that time away;
And when he does his duty right
My whole proclaims the time of night.

WHEN you see a beau so fine,

LINES ON THE POPPY.

'TIS not because thy brilliant dye
Attracts and charms my wandering eye,
Above all flowers, I hold thee dear,
For others equal beauty wear:
But for thy *latent* power
I love thee, scarlet flower,
That sheds the balmy dew of sleep,
On eyes that only wake—to weep!

WHEN you see a beau so fine,
My first you always may define;
And sure a flow'r that fragrant blows
My second ever will disclose:
My whole in spring doth sweet appear,
To usher in the joyful year.

EPIGRAM.

Who has broken the Charm that hung over the Fleet,
The Charm—that occasion'd dismay and defeat?
Too many have vainly attempted the stroke!—
But thanks to the Shannon—at last it is—BROKE.

IS mirth a crime? Inſtruct me you that know;
Or ſhou'd theſe eyes with tears eternal flow?
No (let, ye powers) let this boſom find,
Life's one grand comfort a contented mind:
Preſerve this heart, and may it find no room
For pale deſpondence or unpleaſing gloom.

15

I AM, behold, a curious place,
Where great and ſmall find ſhelter;
Some rogues I've ſcreen'd from dire diſgrace,
And ſome brought to the halter.

The melancholy man from me
Has often ſought relief;
Whilſt many an honeſt family
By me are brought to grief.

I ſometimes prove a friend in need,
And yield a kind ſupply;
The poor and needy too I feed,
Though not in charity.

Compaſſion ſeldom has the ſway;
Nor am I ſtruck with ſorrow
For him who was my friend to-day
If forc'd to beg to-morrow:

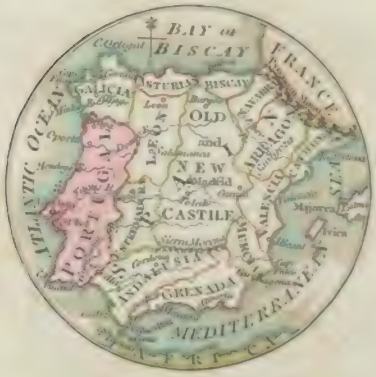
Yet am I kind to all who come,
From north, eaſt, ſouth, or weſt;
Some I relieve, and comfort ſome,
And unto all give reſt.

To you, ye fair, I'm not unkind,
When you to me reſort;
For here real mirth you'll oft'ner find,
Than at the ſplendid court.

16

2. MY *firſt* is an attendant. My *ſecond*, an inſect.
My *whole*, a ſhow.

DO you, ſaid FANNY, t'other day,
In earneſt love me, as you ſay;
Or are thoſe tender words applied
Alike to fifty girls beſide?—
Dear, cruel girl, cried I, forbear!
For by thoſe eyes—thoſe LIPS—I ſwear——
—She ſtop'd me as the oath I took,
And cried, you've ſworn—now KISS THE BOOK.



A MAP of SPAIN & PORTUGAL.

17

WHAT all purſue, but very few can find;
The key to ev'ry excellence of mind;
That worſt of paſſions in the human breaſt,
Which once poſſeſs'd of, never is at reſt;
That ſweet ſubduer of the fierceſt thought,
And that which never would conceal a fault;
The poor man's boaſt and dignity on earth,
His pride, his honour---ſum of ev'ry worth.
Join theſe initials, and if right, they'll ſhow
The beſt of bleſſings Heav'n can beſtow.

18

SOON as my first had pass'd my second through,
My whole, the seat of learning, rose to view.

19

MY first is the blush of a plum,
My second in summer looks gay,
My whole is a poet that some
Consider the best of his day.

20

A Part of a cross, with a circle combin'd,
Give the name of a town which I leave you to find.

21

HOW acceptable is it! how passingly sweet!
The child of discretion, for humility meet;
The labourer's queen, reputation's true friend;
An immoveable sea, which to honour doth tend:
An impregnable castle, a spy ever turning,
A supportable burthen, a lamp ever burning:
'Tis a guide without guile, a pure treasure on earth,
This valuable jewel's not purchas'd by birth;
An invincible army, immortal above,
Making every beholder admire and love;
To attain it is painful, but when once possess'd,
The more pleasure it gives the more it's caress'd;
'Tis uprightness of life, it is health to mankind,
In whom the afflicted true comfort may find:
This permanent blessing endeavour to gain,
'Tis a glorious reward for your trouble and pain.

MY first is used by great persons upon grand occasions, my second is produced by an affron, or want of good temper, my whole hides many a blemish in it

MY first is used by great persons upon grand occasions, my second is produced by an affront, or want of good temper, my whole hides many a blemish in an old house.

Rendlesham Hall in Suffolk the Seat of C. J.ⁿ Thellusson Esq.ʳ

His Victor *vanquish'd*, and his *Eagle* taken,
Bonny will stay at home to save his bacon;
Sip caudle with his Wife, and for young *Nap*
Make with parental daddle sugar'd pap;
Content to see the *Nurs'ry* colours fly,
By holding out his bastling's clouts to dry!

23

That happy place where Adam firſt did dwell,
Before he down by diſobedience fell;
She whom am'rous Jove, in ſhape of bull, did gain,
And he whoſe trident rules the foaming main:
The initials join'd, from thence there will be nam'd,
An inſtrument, for deeds immortal fam'd.

ENIGMATICAL LIST *of* DRAMATIC

TREMBLE, and a warlike inſtrument.
Not wet, and the habitation of wild beaſts.
Three-ſevenths of happineſs, and our laſt home, changing a letter.
A metal and vowel.
What a ſheet is ſometimes call'd, and a vowel.
A uſeful animal, a conſonant, vowel, and the 23d letter.
The contraſt to black, three-ſixths of liſten, and a conſonant.
Not old.
Four-ſixths of a man's chriſtian name, and a male child.
The contraſt to cold, omitting the firſt letter, a conſonant, and two-thirds of an affirmative.
Two-thirds of an induſtrious inſect, and two conſonants.
A man's chriſtian name, and a father's delight.

24

My firſt is a place of reſort for the great;
Upon water my ſecond is found;
My whole is a term on which lovers agree,
Eré Hymen their wiſhes have crown'd.

PIT and FOX.

By Walter Scott, Esq. Advocate.

With more than mortal powers endow'd,
How high they soar'd above the crowd!
Theirs was no common party race,
Jostling by dark intrigue for place;
Like fabled gods, their mighty war
Shook realms and nations in its jar;
Beneath each banner proud to stand,
Looked up the noblest of the land.
Till through the British world were known
The names of Pitt and Fox alone.
Spells of such force no wizard grave
E'er framed in dark Thessalian cave,
Though his could drain the ocean dry,
And force the planets from the sky.
These spells are spent, and, spent with these,
The wine of life is on the lees.
Genius and taste, and talent gone,
For ever tomb'd beneath the stone,
Where,—taming thought to human pride!—
The mighty chiefs sleep side by side.
Drop upon Fox's grave the tear,
'Twill trickle to his rival's bier;
O'er Pitt's the mournful requiem sound,
And Fox's shall the notes re-bound.
The solemn echo seems to cry,—
"Here let their discord with them die;
"Speak not for those a separate doom,
"Whom Fate made brothers in the tomb,
"But search the land of living men,
"Where wilt thou find their like again?"
Rest, ardent spirits! till the cries
Of dying Nature bid you rise,
Not ev'n your Britain's groans can pierce
The leaden silence of your hearse;
Then, O how impotent and vain
This grateful tributary strain;
Though not unmarked from northern clime,
Ye heard the Border Minstrel's rhyme;
His Gothic harp has o'er you rung,
The lord you deigned to praise your deathless names
[has sung.

My firſt is of illuſtrious line,
Of graceful form, and face divine;
But when my ſecond does aſſail,
My form and face's beauty fail:
My whole's an arduous taſk to do
With wives who naughty ways purſue.

Is it poſſible for a perſon of ſenſibility and virtue, who has once felt the paſſion of love in the fulleſt extent that the human heart is capable of receiving it (being by death, or ſome other circumſtance, for ever deprived of the object of its wiſhes), ever to feel an equal paſſion for any other object?

My firſt is a word, which though worthleſs alone,
In your *intereſt* has always a hand;
In the ſum of your gains, though itſelf is not one,
Yet oft before *hundreds* will ſtand:
My ſecond your glory will prove, or your ſhame,
As to virtue or vice he's inclin'd;
My whole for each mortal expreſſes a name,
To no age and no ſtation confin'd. *Ibi*

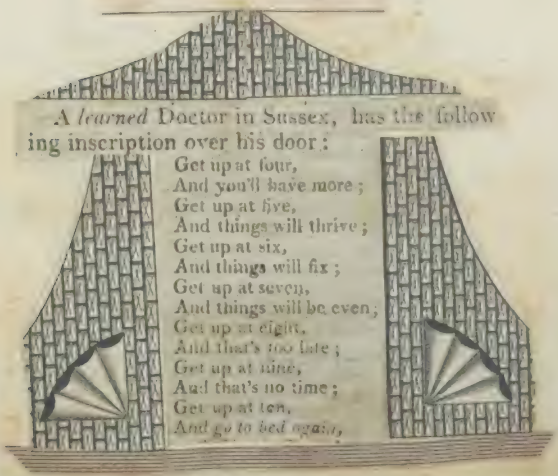
My former is juſt as it ſhould be,
My ſecond 'tis death to deſtroy;
My total is ſuch as one would be,
'Tis ſuch as I wiſh to enjoy.

My firſt in Latin ſenſe too oft betrays
The unſuſpecting virtue of my whole,
When o'er her tender frame keen ſorrow preys,
And rends the feelings of her conſcious ſoul;
My ſecond then incautiouſly ſhe tries,
In hopes to quell the tumult of deſpair;
Thro' ev'ry vein the fatal poiſon flies,
And ſaps the vitals of the ling'ring fair.

From a word of five ſyllables, take away one;
This diſcovery then will be plain—
That, tho' from the word but one ſyllable's gone,
No ſyllable there will remain.

MY first jump'd o'er my second to behold,
My whole, an English town that's very old.

Pavillon de Lucienne.



My firſt through flow'ry mead is borne
By Sylvia's fleecy care:
In ſenate met when Albion's lords appear,
View Thurlow then; you'll find my third is near.

My next! a graceful robe once worn
By many a Britiſh fair!

TO two thirds of an obſtinate brute,
Join a word that high faſhion implies,
May a pronoun be then found to ſuit,
A demon of fun will ariſe.

TAKE juſt three quarters of a tongue,
In which a northern bard has ſung,
In any farmer's yard you'll find,
What (when to that compactly join'd,)
Will clearly ſhew to all the nation,
A lawyer of exalted ſtation.

MY firſt poſſeſſes pow'r ſo great,
The ſtrongeſt bend to it as fate,
My ſecond is by all deſpis'd,
And yet by all is greatly priz'd,
Now ſunk to earth, trod under feet,
Then in the moſt exalted ſeat,
My third has ſuch attractive charms,
It wins e'en dullneſs to its arms.

My firſt's the lot of all mankind,
E'er ſince the days of Adam;
Tho' he the ſin did not begin,
That fault applies to madam.

My next's a pretty little word,
That joins two things together,
As you and me, or he and ſhe,
Or elſe as wind and weather.

To do my whole, your ſervant bid,
Or any one for pelf;
But this I tell, to do it well,
I'd have you go yourſelf.

The HOLLY-TREE.

By R. Southey.

O reader! haſt thou ever ſtood to ſee
The holly tree?
The eye that contemplates it well perceives
Its gloſſy leaves
Ordered by an intelligence ſo wiſe
As might confound the atheiſts ſophiſtries,
Below, a circling fence, its leaves are ſeen
Wrinkled and keen,
No grazing cattle thro' their prickly round
Can reach to wound,
But as they grow where nothing is to fear,
Smooth and unarm'd the pointleſs leaves appear.
I love to view theſe things with curious eyes
And moralize;
And in the wiſdom of the holly tree
Can emblems ſee
Wherewith perchance to make a pleaſant rhyme,
Such as may profit in the after-time.
So, tho' abroad perchance I might appear
Harſh and auſtere,
To thoſe who on my leiſure would intrude
Reſerved and rude,
Gentle at home amid my friends I'd be
Like the high leaves upon the holly tree.
And ſhould my youth, as youth is apt I know,
Some harſhneſs ſhow,
All vain aſperities I day by day
Would wear away,
Till the ſmooth temper of my age ſhould be
Like the high leaves upon the holly tree.
And as when all the ſummer trees are ſeen
So bright and green,
The holly leaves their fadeleſs hues diſplay
Leſs bright than they,
But when the bare and wintry woods we ſee
What then ſo chearful as the holly tree?
So ſerious ſhould my youth appear among
The thoughtleſs throng,
So would I ſeem amid the young and gay
More grave than they,
That in my age as chearful I might be
As the green winter of the holly tree.

Whether, to a generous mind, is the conferring or receiving an obligation, the greater pleaſure?

Required that word, in the Engliſh language, which ſome men love; from which when you have taken the initial, moſt men love; and again take away the initial of this, it will ſhew what that man is that loves neither of the former.

My firſt, ye fair, is ever at your ſide,
My next may guard you from inſulting pride;
My whole's an ornament, you often wear,
Around your waiſt, your neck, or flowing hair.

MY first in Eden's flow'ry seat
Was stol'n from Adam's side,
But this my second makes complete,
To all the world beside;
My whole your sex have long display'd,
For use as well as shew
Tho' she who from my first was made,
This ornament ne'er knew.

COMMON in name and nature too,
I'm seen in many a place,
In every town and village too,
You find my youthful face.
If chance you want an helping hand,
And see an idle boy;
Hallo, you call, and pop me out;
You, sir, I can employ.
On Sundays too, I'm much in use,
And often turn the dinner;
With gamesters too, I have a place,
And sometimes am the winner.
Again the weary I relieve,
Ere to repose they go;
They lay me down upon the ground,
And tread me under toe.
The tuneful wire I often strike,
To please the list'ning ear;
And drest in colours I am seen,
On vessels as they steer.
Again in rivers I am found,
Where reeds and rushes grow;
And 'tis by art that I am caught,
That many 'one doth know.

MY first is an exit, it must be confess'd,
My next is a pocket companion;
My whole is an omen, that oft has distress'd,
And shaken the firmest opinion.

MY first equality, my last
Does pow'r and strength denote:
My whole does many a truth relate
Beneath a borrow'd coat.

VIEW OF SHERBURN CASTLE, OXFORDSHIRE, a Seat of Earl Macclesfield

A small Tribute to the Memory of
Her Grace the Duchess Dowager of Chandos.

When Virtue's emblem yields her parting breath,
When Chandos smiling emigrates to death,
When meek content, when all that's good and great
Obeys the call of unrelenting fate,
The Poet pays the tribute of a verse,
And adds a crown, scarce wanting, to the hearse,
His willing hand proclaims the heartfelt grief,
And weaves the cypress with the laurel leaf,
Each line, a sigh, to grateful memory dear,
And every word is numbered by a tear;
I too, on whom no fav'ring Pallas shines,
An untaught muse, whom no base art refines,
Yes—I have shared the sweets that Chandos gave,
And fain would pour my sorrow on her grave.
Ah! could I paint the seed that God had sown,
That faith and meekness cherished as their own;
It seemed the child of piety, and truth,
The milk of kindness nursed it from its youth,
Friendship the soil, benevolence the bed,
The dew of mercy bathed its heavenly head,
Religion's doctrine taught that head to bear
The sun of splendor, and the storm of care,
It bloomed in pity, and beneath the shade
The sons of misery, want, and sickness strayed.
So sweet a fragrance from the blossom rose,
Such honied sweets as charity bestows,
It grew the child of sympathy and love,
A tenant fitter for the realms above,
So fair a flower, too fair on earth to stay,
God saw, approv'd, and hurried it away;
Britannia wept; so sad the loss sustain'd;
But Heaven rejoiced, so great the glory gain'd. J.

My firſt and ſecond are the lot
Of each delighted gueſt,
When every ſorrow is forgot
At S******'s ſocial feaſt;
But both united, form a word
Which, when thoſe hours are paſt,
We grieve to find, howe'er defer'd,
We muſt pronounce at laſt.

Perchance as o'er ſome ſacred ſpot you rove,
Some lowly ſtone, memorial of the dead,
May bear a maiden's name who pin'd in love,
And found, in Death's cold arms, a bridal bed,
And ere the bloſſom bloom'd,
Was with its ſweets intomb'd:
Methinks I hear thy ſympathetic ſigh,
While ſobbing Pity wipes her ſurcharg'd eye;
Soft murmurs and lamentings now prevail,
Like ſportive zephyrs ſkirting croſs the dale,
When chaſte-eyed Evening ſpreads her ſable veil.
Or, if ſome youthful warrior peaceful reſt,
Who died enſanguin'd for his country's good,
For glorious fame did bare his heroic breaſt,
Smil'd at his wounds, and gloried in his blood;
And his vaſt ſpirit fir'd,
Without regret expired:
Great emulation burſts upon thy heart,
Infuſes rapture in each vacant part;
Celeſtial fires dance in thy full-orb'd eye,
Which, wondering with delight, doth ſeek the ſky,
Enraptur'd with a youth who thus could die.

My firſt, if loſt, is a diſgrace,
Unleſs misfortune bear the blame;
My ſecond, though it can't replace
The heavy loſs, will hide the ſhame;
My whole has life, and wings the air,
Delights in ſweetneſs to repoſe,
Oft times, unſeen, attends the fair,
And ſips the honey of the roſe.

My firſt is a term intended and meant
Two different things to diſtinguiſh;

My first is a term intended and meant
  Two different things to distinguish;
But fashion, alas! so destroys their intent,
  As distinction almost to extinguish.
My second's a term which does fashion express;
  My whole is connected with death,
Yet never expresses concern or distress
  If his neighbour is robb'd of his breath.

Shrubland Hall, Suffolk.

EPIGRAM.

WITH not one ſocial virtue grac'd,
To many vices prone,
Carpo himſelf all merit claims,
But truth will give him none.

IMPROMPTU.

To be placed at the Beginning of a Book, in which is contained a leaf ſewed together with great Care by a young Lady of Colcheſter.

Whoe'er thou art, oh reader! that ſhalt look
Into this ſhort,—but intereſting book;
Whoſe leaves appear in various places worn
Quite through, and almoſt into pieces torn;
Know firſt!—that in one part you'll ſee diſplay'd
The needlework of an Angelic Maid.
Be cautious then, I pray, and ſpare my grief,
When you turn o'er the nicely ſew'd-up leaf.
With reverence view; nor touch it, but with dread,
Leſt you break thro' the well-connected thread;
For, by a friend, I'm giv'n to underſtand,
It is the work—of beauteous K--l-ng's hand.
So, may'ſt thou meet, in time, ſome charming fair,
Like her—in gentleneſs,—like her—in care;
Of graceful form, but ſtill more graceful mind,
(As ſhe with pity to this book) inclin'd
To look at thee; and with her mending art
Reſtore thy much more torn—diſtracted heart! W.

4. MY *firſt* is ugly to a proverb. Of my *ſecond* what ſhall I ſay? To have it too frequently, and to be long without it, are equally diſtreſſing. No one was ever ſo abſurd as to wiſh to keep it, and yet every one has been uneaſy at parting with it. My *whole* is a vegetable poiſon.

M..

SUNNING HILL, BERKSHIRE.—Seat of James Sibbald Esqr

THE WATER LILY.

THE banks of the Chelmer exhibited flowers
Of various classes and hues,
Which, foster'd by Zephyrs, and sun-beams, and showers,
Though wild, did sweet odours diffuse.

When wand'ring one evening its margin along,
My only companion my Muse,
I sought in my ramble a subject for song;
And wish'd the most worthy to choose.

When lo! in the midst of the stream I beheld
A flower which repos'd on its breast,
While the fond parent-flood, oft saluting it, swell'd,
As proud of the prize it possess'd.

A silver-leaf'd lily, with petals of gold,
Encompass'd by many a bud,
I saw, and desiring the treasure to hold,
Impatiently viewing it stood.

And thinking that Cowper's, though pluck'd from the Ouse,
Was surely less lovely than this,
I wish'd for a spaniel my cause to espouse—
A spaniel as faithful as his*.

* Alluding to Cowper's "Dog and Water Lily."

As oft there is, said traveller since ill he
dare mark the clime, the limit and the site,
Where grow not fears, or where the golden grain,
Nor hills nor vales discomfy the plain,
Eternal green without the farmers toil
Tho all the seasons crown the fruitful soil.
Fair spots in which the spring once abound
The human art forbears to rich the ground.
Not Indian coasts spread more an ampler store
Of pearls and diamonds, gold and silver ore:
Yet Britons ever not those wealthy mines,
Perpetual wars distract, and endless crimes
Like the the soil pale avarice triumphs there
Hate, envy, rage, and heart-devouring care,
With dread and fear and comfortless despair,
Their government oft long remains the same
Now they revere like (as) a Monarchs name,
Now Cromwell like, a low and base-born lurer
Nobles and Kings and Queens spread snares to brave
The nobler fall, the Kings a coalition slave.
Britons be wise let avarice tempt no more
Spoils of the earth avoid the fatal shore,
The daily bread which Providence has given
Eat with content, and leave the rest to Heaven.

She that a hiss will take
And give a kiss again
Does by that act a vow nothing make
Which you can best explain.—

A SEQUEL TO THE

Butterfly's Ball and the Grasshopper's Feast.

No doubt you have heard of the ton and the taste
Of the Butterfly's Ball and Grasshopper's Feast;
Next morn, there were many who thought themselves slighted,
"No cards had been sent them—nor were they invited!"
By the side of a pool, at the edge of a road,
A party of grumblers first call'd on the Toad,
Who, swelling and pouting, thus spat out her spite,
"So, my friends, there were mighty fine doings last night!
But we were too vulgar, or stupid, I ween,
In a party so splendid and gay to be seen;
They might laugh at my dress, as old fashion'd and coarse,
Cut their jokes on my gait, and call my voice hoarse,
Though I say it, who should not, this I say to them all,
The gay, giddy flutt'rers who blaz'd at the Ball,
There was not amongst them (and my all I would stake)
Such a pair of bright eyes as now look on this lake!"
"Dear Aunt, quoth the Frog, though they call you Dame Fogram,
Dress'd out in a faded and spotted old grogram,
Had your back been less brown, less wrinkled and warty,
With those eyes you had shone the chief Belle of the party!
But that I should be slighted! so young and so sprightly,
So genteel and so gay, and who foot it so lightly,
The life of each party, each hop and each treat,
That I should be absent from such a grand Fete!
I expected my card to call me outright,
To figure away the Beau Nash of the night:
And had I been there, I had kept due decorum,
And led out the Snail to exhibit before them."
The Earth-worm, his length now trailing along,
Thus spoke as he rolled himself into the throng:
"My absence disgruntled my bashful friend Snail,
'Twas the want of a partner that caus'd her to fail;
I appeal to you all, who as I, was so fit,
To drag out, in slow measure, the long minuet?"
Next the Earwig came wriggling, and, fidgeting, spake,
"So Dame Thrifty, the Emmet, made one at this wake,
Yes, with her black chairman she chose to appear,
How could that old skin-flint, dare shew her nose there?
She had better staid home and minded her matters,
Her grains and her gains, her plates and her platters!"
"Without me (says the Cricket) with the Grasshopper's fiddle,
How they could be merry, I cannot conceive;
Had I been invited, and the dance had begun,
My tabor and pipe I had brought with my tun;
But let us not fret, I will tell you my plan.
'Tis Revenge—and we'll settle it in this Divan;
Let us get up a Play, in a style that is pretty,
And our minikin mite shall be Master Betty;
We'll leave out that junto, we care not who pouts,
Whilst we are the Ins and they are the Outs. G. W.

PHELAN and ANNA.

Glowing with rage, the God of War
In peals of thunder spoke;
And swiftly hurl'd the bolts of death
Involv'd in fire and smoke.
While to his Country's honour true,
Undaunted Phelan stood,
'Mid heaps of slaughter'd comrades round,
And streams of purple blood.
His sparkling eyes indignant flash'd
Destruction on the foe;
His steady and unerring aim,
Laid many a Frenchman low.
The gallant Tar his Anna lov'd,
And fair and chaste was she;
And Anna, with her Sailor brav'd
The dangers of the sea.
And while he fought, soft Pity's voice,
To woman's heart most dear,
Bade Anna tend the wounded Tars,
And wipe the falling tear.
Her consolation to the soul
New vigour gave, and life;
She, the endearing substitute
For sister, mother, wife.
But, Anna, cease thy gen'rous care,
A nobler duty calls:
For now, by that ill-fated shot,
Thine own dear Phelan falls!
Swiftly thro' the battle's rage,
On wings of love she flies;
And, gasping on the blood-stain'd deck,
Her wounded Tar espies.
Him dying, in her arms she rais'd,
And to her bosom press'd,
And strove, with kindest love, to soothe
The anguish of his breast.
For such a glorious fate as this,
Who would not wish to die?
His latest moments cheer'd by love,
And hopes of victory!
But when he op'd his eyes, once more
His Anna's face to see,
And ere he caught the parting kiss,
A headless corpse was she!—
Fain would the weeping nurse no more
Of this sad tale relate;
While pity bids her still to mourn,
An orphan's hapless fate.
For gracious Heav'n with one sweet boy
Had bless'd the faithful pair;
But he, nor Phelan's love must know,
Nor Anna's softer care.
Yet sure for him, those infant smiles
Shall other parents gain;
For pity to the Sailor's breast,
Did never speak in vain.
But pity nurs'd, the boy shall live
To tell with conscious pride
How Phelan for his Country fell;
And how poor Anna died.

FROM what we all came, and to what we return,
Will certainly tell you my first;
The name of a god will my second explain,
My whole with the housemaid we trust.

VIEW of CAEN WOOD, HAMPSTEAD, the SEAT of the EARL of MANSFIELD.

My first is a number, an insect my second,
My whole very often is troublesome reckon'd.

An old gossip's delight you'll find in my first,
My next is an excellent dish;
In Kent take a tour, and my whole you will find
A place noted for very fine fish.

KITTY a fair but frozen maid,
Kindl'd a flame I yet deplore,
The hood-wink'd boy I call'd to aid,
Though of his near approach afraid,
So fatal to my suit before.
At length propitious to my pray'r,
The little urchin willing came,
From earth, I saw him mount in air,
And soon he cur'd with dext'rous care
The bitter relics of my flame,
Say by what title, or what name,
I shall this busy youth address,
Cupid and he are not the same,
Though both can raise or quench the flame,
I'm sure 'twill please you if you guess.

The following poem, upon the loss of the Blenheim, is taken from Montgomery's Poems:

A vessel sailed from Albion's shore,
To utmost India bound;
Its crest a hero's pennant bore,
With broad sea-laurels crown'd
In many a fierce and noble fight,
Though foil'd on that Egyptian night,
When Gallia's host was drown'd,
And Nelson o'er his country's foes,
Like the destroying angel rose.

A gay and gallant company,
With shouts that rend the air,
For warrior-wreaths upon the sea,
Their joyful brows prepare;
But many a maiden's sigh was sent,
And many a mother's blessing went,
And many a father's prayer,
With that exulting ship to sea,
With that undaunted company.

But not to crush the vaunting foe,
In combat on the main,
Nor perish by a glorious blow,
In mortal triumph slain,
Was their unutterable fate;
—That story would the muse relate,
The song might rise in vain;
In Ocean's deepest, darkest bed
The secret slumbers with the dead.

On India's long-expected strand
Their sails were never furl'd;
Never on known or friendly land,
By storms their keel was hurl'd;
Their native soil no more they trod;
They rest beneath no hallow'd sod;
Throughout the living world,
This sole memorial of their lot
Remains,—they *were*, and they are *not*.

There are to whom that ship was dear,
For love and kindred's sake;
When these the voice of Rumour hear,
Their inmost heart shall quake,
Shall doubt and fear, and wish and grieve,
Believe, and long to unbelieve,
But never cease to ache;
Still doom'd in sad suspence to bear
The Hope that keeps alive Despair.

To an organ of sense
Add a snug warm retreat,
And a foretaste you have
When the junction's complete.

What gladdens the drooping heart in need,
What teaches birds their young to feed,
What in an alehouse you may spy,
What renders dim the brightest eye,
A bird that shuns what others cheer,
And what deceiving villains wear;
Join the initials, they will tell,
What does in heaven with angels dwell.

My first we will term to enlist,
My second the victor's obtain;
May the brave British tars who our total assist,
Never fail the advantage to gain.

If a Christ penknife
could speak what it
would say would be
the Grand Lama order
of Priests

On the lamented and sudden Death of Miss Mary B. at D—h—m, in May, 1812.

Purpureus veluti cum flos succisus aratro
Languescit moriens; lassove papavera collo
Demisere caput, pluvia cum forte gravantur. Æn. 9

'Tis done! and the glad soul has wing'd its flight
From grief and gloom, to happiness and light;
Mary no more shall pain or sickness know,
For gentle death has clos'd the scene of woe,
Lock'd the fair virgin in his icy arms,
And triumphs o'er a world of faded charms:
Affrighted at the touch, see beauty fly,
Pale grows the cheek, and dim the sparkling eye;
Those lips that late could every care beguile,
Have lost their rubies, and forgot to smile:
View this, ye fair! nor be of charms too vain,
They fly with sickness, and they fade with pain;
Relentless death nor charms nor youth can move,
Deaf to the cries of beauty and of love:
Else Mary yet had bless'd these happy plains,
Stranger to sickness, and exempt from pains.
For she had all the nicest wish could form
To please the senses, or the soul to charm;
The best good nature, and the sweetest grace,
The strictest virtue and the fairest face:
Blest in her conduct, to herself approv'd,
Admir'd by all, and not by few belov'd. G. B.

Ambitious grown the Ladies to engage,
And proud to shine in their mysterious page,
I now present my services:—for see,
A faithful, constant, useful slave in me.
My shape is various, sometimes square or round,
With gayest ornaments I'm often crown'd;
And, then,—what constitutes a very hack,
I carry loads of silver on my back:
When thus equipp'd, such is my mighty art,
I all your beauty, all your charms impart.
If to the crouded scenes of gay delight
Young Damon should his Delia invite,
Before she condescends to attend her lover,
To me her rouge and patches she'll discover;
For, such my power, to make the nymph to please,
"'Tis I who love's soft fetters forge with ease;
Tho' some have said, that in the end I prove
"The bane of beauty, and the foe of love."

In days of yore, if ancient bards say true,
I shone, ye nymphs, as bright a belle as you;
Till doom'd to love; but lov'd a youth in vain;
And being slighted, languid grew with pain.
Henceforth, to verdant vales and groves I fled,
To silent groves and hollow rocks to hide.
I meet you in the woods, and on the plain,
Yet all the while invisible remain.
Delightful themes I do with care attend,
Yet ne'er begin, tho' alway make an end.——
Now ladies name me, for if fame says true,
My origin was from a nymph like you.

ERECT delightful to be seen,
I stood with youth and beauty crown'd,
Till cruel foes with weapons keen,
First threw me prostrate on the ground:
There as I wounded helpless lay,
Rudely trod beneath their feet,
My colour chang'd my strength decay'd,
My body burnt with scorching heat.
Yet this with patience might be born,
Did not, to aggravate my woes,
To female cruelty and scorn,
Th' insulting victors me expose.
But I'm by women, Oh disgrace!
Women when bad still worse then men,
Dragg'd by the teeth from place to place,
Oft rais'd, as oft thrown down again.
At length like corpse in hearse convey'd,
My scatter'd parts were hither sent,
Of which a stately pile being made,
Myself am my own monument.
Ponder this well, then look on me,
And think of man's mortality.

POINT PLEASANT, SURRY.——Seat of the Hon.ble Genl St John.

At Kirton, near Boston (my story is true),
Lives a curious character, equall'd by few;
His vocations (tho' num'rous) in each he does shine,
"If not quite the first, in the very first line;"
As an artist his temples well merit a wreath,
His colours on canvas seem almost to breathe;
In portrait or landscape, there's few to excel him,
Of rivals in shaving presume not to tell him;
As grocer and hosier his fame is well known,
A carver and gilder, and graver of stone;
As vender of music, and noted musician;
A butcher, a cobler, a learned optician;
A hanger of rooms, and, what is more curious,
A vender of medicines patent—not spurious.
As a sportsman not equall'd, a dealer in guns,
A pyeman, a toyman, a maker of buns;
As chemist his name is deservedly known,
His ointment excels all the patents in town;
As stationer, varnisher, miller, and baker,
Barometer seller, and violin maker;
With other professions, distinguish'd he stands,
And business extensive in each he commands.
Ye book learn'd, ye curious, virtuosi, and all
Who pass by his door, pray give him a call;
His paintings are beautiful, Westall's no better,
Tho' to any master he ne'er was a debtor;
But as footman and butler, was known when a boy,
Then thrashing and reaping became his employ.
But for genius inventive his compeers are few,
Tho' to see him, perhaps, you might think him a Jew.
As a compound of trades, he's a challenge to any;
Then call at his shop—where he shaves for a penny.

NO one that ever cradle nurst
But will in time explore my first;
My second points what those must do
Who where their business lies wont go;
My whole's a town, if you were in it,
Where you'd see ships pass every minute.

COME ridd'ling wits say what am I;
Distinguish by my crimson dye:
It's probable I'd first my rise
From mother Eve, in Paradise;
In her I'll fix my pedigree,
Her sin (at the forbidden tree,)
Gave birth to shame, and shame bore me.
But I from different causes rise,
Seize innocence by quick surprise;
Impudence may make intrusion,
Throw modesty in deep confusion:
Thus tender souls I oft unhinge,
But shameless wretches seldom tinge.
When Strephon the coy nymph addresses,
With ogling eyes, and fond caresses;
And she, in silence, makes returns,
I make confession how she burns.
The bards, in metaphors, adorn,
With me, the rose, and rising morn;
I glowing rise, short is my stay,
For instantly I fade away:
Now, from these hints you'll soon discover
What I am, and where I hover.

MY first is water congealed. My second is often given on a birth-day.—With my whole boys make sport.

ON CHILDHOOD.

BY I. K.

IN my poor mind, it is most sweet to muse
Upon the days gone by; to act in thought,
Past seasons o'er, and be again a child;
To sit, in fancy, on the turf clod slope,
Down which, the child would roll to pluck gay flowers,
Make posies in the sun, which the child's hand
(Childhood soon offended, soon reconciled)
Would throw away, and straight take up again:
Then fling them to the winds, and o'er the lawns
Round with so playful and so light a foot,
That the press'd daisy scarce declin'd her head.

"But Cath'rine, all my heart is thine,
If thou wilt share this Cot with me."

WHENCE Sappho leapt, when driven to despair,
From whom arose the saw, "Labour in vain;"
What is us'd t'emit refreshing air;
Who in her flight was by a serpent slain:
Ye witty fair, the initials when combin'd,
Diffuse a pleasure to the feeling mind.

I'M ſprung from parents, both robuſt and tall,
But I, myſelf, am counted rather ſmall;
My head and tail are of an equal ſize,
I've neither hands, nor feet, nor legs, nor thighs.
Tho' I no fingers have, nails I have plenty,
If number'd, they'll be little ſhort of twenty.
On Ludgate-hill, the noted I, and C,
Did own themſelves greatly oblig'd to me.
The ſhirts, and other cloaths, our army wear,
Have kiſs'd my feet and nails, e'er they got there.
Take this one hint, ſearch the whole nation round,
There's ſcarce a houſe but where I may be found.

TAKE part of a fish, next a conſonant add,
Then three fourths of what muſt at a wedding be had,
Add part of a ſwine that is very well known,
And a village in Suffolk will quickly be ſhewn.

A Bird that from it's parent's aſhes riſe,
What we oft' view with pleaſure in the ſkies,
Where Noah dwelt, when waters rag'd around;
A warlike inſtrument of pleaſing ſound;
And place of worſhip eaſy to be found.
The initials join'd, with very little pains,
Will name a man much envied by the ſwains.

CONTEMPLATIONS ON THE COMET.

Written by Wm. Thos. Fitzgerald, Esq.

That awful Stranger, to our wondering eyes!
Which scares the timid, and confounds the wise;
Still by the multitude beheld, from far,
As the dread harbinger of Plague or War!
Through boundless space pursued it's glorious way,
Millions of leagues beyond the Solar ray!
And now returns, astonishing our sight,
A brilliant jewel in the realms of night!
But whether it with heat the Sun supplies,
Or moves a radiant Planet in the skies?
And thus a mightier world through æther steers,
Whose days are ages, and whose minutes years!
Is far beyond the reach of erring men,
Of Newton's depth of thought, or Halley's pen!
To me it's placid light, and silv'ry rays,
Dispose my soul to piety and praise.
Then let not Superstition's coward eye,
With terror view this wonder of the sky:
Nor think the Just, the Wise, th' Eternal Mind,
Sends it in wrath and vengeance to mankind.
Shall short-liv'd, feeble, and presumptuous man,
Presume the ways of Providence to scan?
No—though by us but little understood,
It comes from God, and therefore must be good!

O female tyranny! that heart
Is sure consign'd t' eternal smart,
And lost to ev'ry peaceful hour,
That's sway'd by thy despotic pow'r!
For me, I'm doom'd to tortures sore,
Nor e'er must hope for comfort more:
Tho' once—but now for ever flown,
I happier, gentler hours have known.
Each night at opera or play,
I shone in brightest colours gay;
But when stern age, with ev'ry ease,
Depriv'd me of the pow'r to please;
An armed female tore my skin,
And then conceited me too thin;
Yet fed me with such tasteless stuff,
She soon perceiv'd I had enough.
But were I, reader, to declare
The stabs which now I'm forc'd to bear,
And those from such as most pretend
To be my guardian or my friend;
You'd think me false as are the hearts
Of those, the source of all my smarts:
Hence, then, I will my woes conceal,
Till you my mystic name reveal.

TO make out my *firſt*, e'en Erſkine would try,
And my *ſecond* would much wiſh to make it;
My *whole* I am ſure of whenever you're by,
And I heartily wiſh you to take it.

FRONT VIEW of the THEATRE ROYAL DRURY LANE.

MY firſt is the cauſe of my ſecond; my whole
Brings a good man repoſe both of body and ſoul.

WHAT first made Satan dare omnipotence,
What 'gainst that serpent is the best defence,
What caused Cain his brother's blood to spill,
What sinners must, would they retreat from ill,
What more than beauty in the fair we prize,
What every day the farther from us flies;
Glean these initials, and they will declare
A virtuous virgin, beautiful and fair.

THAT I'm of modern date, I muſt confeſs,
But yet I'm valu'd for my uſefulneſs;
Small though I be, regard I juſtly claim
From the Fair Sex, whoſe ſervant I became.
Sometimes in gay and rich attire I'm dreſt,
But when by thoſe of low degree poſſeſt
Am coarſely clad, yet have ſuch charms about me,
That very few good houſe-wives are without me.
In different forms and ſizes I appear,
Tho' for the moſt part I'm orbicular.
Hard is my fate, you'll ſay, becauſe that I
Am for my uſefulneſs *bang'd* commonly:
Not only this, but pierc'd through every pore
With arrows keen, till I can hold no more.
Worn out at laſt, I fall into diſgrace,
And to a new ſucceſſor yield my place.
Ladies, pray ſhew, ſince I your ſervant am,
Not why you uſe me thus, but what's my name.

MY firſt is a Chineſe vegetable, a ſmall portion of which adminiſtered to my ſecond produces an Engliſh diſorder, and yet my whole is a native of Ireland.

BY th' river Nile I firſt aroſe,
A terror been to many;
Six letters do my name compoſe,
The greateſt woe of any.

Where-e'er I come diſtreſs appears
In life, in death, in health;
A known tormentor all my days,
Nor brib'd by India's wealth.

But take two letters from my name,
It alters much the caſe,
It cools the terror of my frame,
And gives another face.

Dear Ladies, take this one hint more,
And then I'm fairly done;
By letters lopping, ſyllables I've more;
A riddle this, or pun.

On TIME.

Time, empty form, by fancy wrought,
Thin, ſubtle, flying, airy thought,
What ſhall we think of thee?
No ſooner come, but fled and gone,
One flying inſtant quickly known,
What can thy eſſence be?
Once thou art paſt, we call in vain,
No tears can bring thee back again,
Nor ſtay thy wing'd career:
Still flirting, changing, cutting ſhort
Our joy, in ſpite of all effort,
While we are pilgrims here!
What paſt-time is, let ſophiſts tell,
But let us uſe the preſent well;
And, in another ſphere,
Without diſpute we'll gladly find,
That preſent, future, paſt, are joined
To make us happy there.

WHAT oftentime kills, and is sharp as a sword,
And water that's shallow (I'll give you my word)
Make the name of a town that a fair one dwells near,
Who had twenty new sweethearts to woo her last year.

And let the softer sex, the British fair,
Enjoy their coaches, and the easy chair.
  Not thought upon these glories are by me,
From noise and all promiscuous tumults free;
I covet not their wealthy domes and spires,
Nor golden stores my richer breast desires.
  In bow'ry grottos and in flow'ry lands,
Where zephyrs nurs'd, my happy cottage stands.
Far brighter strokes of thoughtful artist wears,
Than does a dome whose building cost ten years.
Here I reside; while all around me glows
The pride of May, and all that Flora knows.
In happy solitude my life I spend,
And often please, but never once offend.
I'm seldom seen, I live so much retir'd,
But often heard with sweetest music fir'd.

FOUR-FIFTHS of a point, a son of old Noah,
One-fifth of a prude and four hogsheads of wine,
When join'd together a town will express.

The GREEN HOUSE at ROCKETTS BASES — [illegible]

LINES,

Spoken by a Boy, born deaf and dumb, (but who had been taught to read, &c. at the Asylum for such Children,) before a Meeting of the Subscribers, on his leaving the School.

THOUGH harsh my sounds, my voice though weak,
Your kindness, friends! forbids my fear;
What I, once dumb, attempt to speak,
With patient candour you will hear.

Encourag'd by your bounty past,
Which lent a wretched infant aid,
I come to take my leave at last,
And tell the progress I have made.

My mind would o'er its prison range,
And mourn its thoughts in darkness bound;
For all within was wild and strange,
And all was silent wonder round.

Though oft your moving lips I see,
No cheering sounds my ears admit;
All nature is as dumb to me
As I, alas! am deaf to it.

Aided by you, industrious art
Defective nature doth improve;
And helps me thus with grateful heart,
To thank you for your gen'rous love.

I came—nor knew to speak, nor read,
Lost to myself—my friends—and man:
I go—prepared to earn me bread,
And show the world your useful plan.

"Behold, once more the social Pow'rs advance,
To hurl the Despot from the Throne of France;
To bid the dread career of battle cease,
And cheer the Nations with returning Peace.
Europe, exulting, hails the glorious day,
And Britain triumphs in her Regent's sway."

A WORD there is five syllables contains,
Take one away, no syllable remains.

MY first, the mother of a num'rous brood is;
My next what monsters choose for their abode is:
These make my whole, if rang'd in order right;
A mortal gifted with strange pow'rs of sight.

FROM the third Henry's reign I my pedigree trace,
Tho' some will contend that more ancient's my race,
But in those early days my importance was small,
I ne'er came by chance but obey'd other's call,
Now so willing am I, no intreaties I need,
But I tremble and fear lest I should not succeed,
I'm a mere human creature, like you or another
But to form me requires neither father nor mother
And what is more strange I have often a brother:
I was born among riot, and tumult, and noise,
Of a numerous family, most of them boys,
We are none of us dumb, some of language profuse,
But two words are as many as most of us use,
One little hint further to give I think fit,
We all of us stand before we can sit.

MY first a tree that loves a wat'ry border;
My next a being of superior order:
My whole a creature that delights to eat
From morn till night, though dainty of its meat.

TO A MOTH FLUTTERING ABOUT MY CANDLE.

By T. S. Cobbold.

Vain flutt'ring insect, pageant of an hour,
Come, let me thwart thy self-destructive will;
Short are the pleasures in thy little pow'r,
And yet thou'l't make them even shorter still.

How apt an emblem of mistaken man,
When in his veins flow youth's empurpled tide!
I see thy semblance to my kindred clan,
And own the folly shame would gladly hide.

Both are attracted by an empty blaze;
Pleasure to this, what flame to that supplies;
Each idly flutters in th' illusive rays,
Then falls a victim, and repentant dies.

My first all desire to be,
But none wish to be:
My second many wish to be, and
Many appear to be that are not;
My whole none wish to be, none like to be,
None need to be—yet many are.

MY first is French Fashion; my second a place
Where animals nestle, a slovenly race;
My whole is fair woman's superior grace.

MY first, so says the sacred text,
Was first created, but my next
Man made, his restless head to hide—
My whole's the wand'ring sailor's guide.

MY form is beauteous to allure the sight,
My habit gay, of colour gold and white:
Most nicely shap'd, tho' of proportion small,
Admir'd by many, and belov'd by all.
When Sylvia takes the air, it is my pride
To walk with equal paces by her side.
Sitting, her silken lap becomes my nest,
And sleeping I in her apartment rest;
I near her person constantly remain,
A favourite slave bound in a golden chain.
And O how blest would Sylvia's lover be,
Cou'd he exchange estates with humble me;
Yet I without delight can near her stand,
Nor feel the charming touches of her hand.
And when she casts on me auspicious rays,
I view no feature of her lovely face,
Blind and insensible of ev'ry grace.
Some hold that birds and quadrupeds, tho' seen
To walk and fly, yet move but by machine;
That all things but the human kind (they'll prove)
Not by instinct, but hidden engines move.
Tho' empty speculations these, they'll be
Demonstrative, whene'er they're spoke of me;
For though I can both speak and go alone,
Yet are my motions to myself unknown.

A THING without which, 'tis my real belief,
You seldom would choose the best way to dress beef,
A song though I own it appears a strange thing,
No one person on earth can possibly sing,
'Tis the name of a man who holds a good place,
Though some in high station turn from him their face.

When Stella suspected my first should be her's,
Altho' she mistook of the truth,
Yet what numbers she sheer'd me of feminine airs,

MERTON PLACE, SURREY

When Stella suspected my first shou'd be her's,
Altho' she mistook of the truth,
Yet what numbers she shew'd me of feminine airs,
As she found me a modest young youth,
Importunate grown, I my second became,
In spite of the prospects of pelf;
And altho' I must own I regarded her name:
Yet too much I neglected herself;
'Till finding my first o'er my heart did prevail,
I of constancy pledg'd her my word,
And perhaps you may laugh when I tell you the tale,
When I went, that I found her my third.

The Seat of the gallant Admiral Lord Nelson.

MY first an organ of each vital frame,
My last a poet of exalted fame.—
By due observance you may gather hence
An object grateful to the human sense.

MY first a preposition bring:
My next you must not say but sing:
And now the charm's wound up, lor, lo!
A goddess, to whom all must bow.

WHAT by name I am, Ladies, if spelt the right way,
I'll take you to operas, balls, or to play;
In cloth, silk, or sattin, upon you I wait,
To church, or to market, in low-like or state,
Your servile attendant (yet hard is my lot)
Tho' not the most double-tongu'd slave you have got;
Alone I'am ill treated, trod under your feet,
While my rivalling coxcombs with kindness you treat;
Reverse but my name, I'm a strange sort of creature
As ever you knew, of ambiguous nature,
Two species resembling, and yet I am neither,
Of this, that, or t'other kind, yet I'm of either;
I'm a monstrous being, 'tis certainly true,
Take this one hint more, then dear Ladies adieu,
When all other creatures go chiefly to rest,
Then take my rambles, my name have you guest?

I AM a fruit delicious to the taste,
Rear'd by the hand devoid of wanton waste,
My virtues oft the cautious man beguile,
Cheer the dull spirit, and make the senseless smile.
Cut off my head, and then appears to view,
A crime disgraceful, for which th' guilty rue.
Now you are doing take away my tail,
As ladies sometimes hear what drives a nail.
Behead the crime, and add my rear again,
Presents a thing that often mimics men.
Transpose the crime, a fruit again appears,
Pleasant to youth, and those of riper years.

SONNET.

THE GLOW-WORM.

By Charlotte Smith.

When, on some balmy-breathing night of spring
  The happy child, to whom the world is new,
Pursues the ev'ning moth, of mealy wing,
  Or from the heath-bell beats the sparkling dew;
He sees, before his inexperienc'd eyes,
  The brilliant Glow-worm, like a meteor, shine
On the turf bank;—amaz'd and pleas'd he cries
  "Star of the dewy grass!—I make thee mine!"—
Then, ere he sleeps, collects "the moisten'd" flower,
  And bids soft leaves his glitt'ring prize enfold,
And dreams that fairy lamps illume his bower;
  Yet, with the morning, shudders to behold
His lucid treasure, rayless as the dust;
So turn the world's bright joys, to cold and blank disgust.

EPITAPH ON AN INFANT.

BY THE SAME.

'Ere sin could blight, or sorrow fade,
  Death came with friendly care;
The op'ning bud to heaven convey'd,
  And bade it blossom there.

MY first runs fast, yet has no feet;
Without my next there is no street;
My whole of midnight power's the seat.

MY first to the farmer belong,
Are often his pride and his boast,
Not famous for singing a song,
Nor do they like hens, go to roost.

My second, all creatures must have,
Men and women, with fish, fowl, and beast,
For we neither can smile or look grave,
Without this appendage at least.

When empty, my whole is despis'd,
What a change when 'tis flowing and full;
By all nations THEN valued and priz'd,
And sincerely ador'd by John Bull.

EIGHT letters do compose my name,
And but one vowel in the same;
Possess'd in youth, in age I'm lost,
Or when by pain or sickness tost;
One man posses'd me more than all,
That ever trod this earthly ball.

Epilogue spoken at the Richmond Theatre by Mrs. Jordan, on her taking Leave of that Place for this Season; written for the occasion by H. Bunbury, Esq.

Here, doom'd no longer or to *romp* or ſing,
Or, as a beau in breeches, be—*the thing*;
To mem'ry ſtill ſhall all your ſports appear,
The *ſprightly* paſtimes I have witneſs'd *here*.
Each manly exerciſe the green adorning;
The *fiſt* the evening, and the *bat* the morning;
Butchers full gallop, or a baker's barrow
Annoying ladies in the lanes ſo narrow;
Nags who, knock'd up, refuſe to mount the hill,
Yet find their way at laſt *into the bill*.
By wives moleſted, nor by country couſins,
Here bucks come down to pay their *rumps and dozens*;
And *dare do more than does become a man*—
To be as little loſers as they can.
Methinks a poet *here*, of *any* kind,
Or gay or penſive, may a ſubject find—
Here, with ſpring guns and ſparagrals abound,
And *plumbs* and ſteel-traps ſpread their lures around;
In golden barges, where the city dames,
Lugg'd by a horſe up, greet *Old Father Thames*;
'Midſt waving ſtreamers, and tobacco fumes,
Nodding to drums and trumpets—*Dollman's plumes*,
Where Belles in boats ſit *broiling* in the ſun,
And *maids of honour* turn out *hot* at One;
Where Miſs, her flame expoſing with her face,
To flirt and angle, finds both time and place,
Fiſhing, by turns, for *compliments* and *dace*.
Here I, alas! no longer ſhall have leiſure
To gape at parties, as they're call'd, of pleaſure!
No more in ſuch gay doings muſt partake,
But, from my comic lethargy awake,
Leave off this ſtrain, and tune my note a new,
And bid to *Richmond* a more fond adieu!
Richmond! where *Nature's* partial hand is trac'd,
With all her richeſt charms ſupremely grac'd,
Can I, unmov'd, your friendly manſions fly,
Or quit theſe ſcenes, without a grateful ſigh?
For you—your ſmiles to *Jobſon's* wife extended,
And—her gown gone—poor *Beatrice* befriended;
Carets'd *Hyppolita*, and all her pranks,
And ſure Miſs *Peggy* owes you many thanks.
The gallant *Sylvia* could ſome mirth afford,
And *Little Pickle* ſung—and you encor'd!
May this laſt effort for indulgence ſue,
And he, tho' *laſt*, not *leaſt* approv'd by you!
Farewell! --What pleaſure does reflection cauſe!
The dear remembrance of your kind applauſe!
Applauſe, that baniſh'd each intruding care,
And rais'd *this little frame* to walk on air.
Once more, Adieu!---parting is ſuch ſweet ſorrow,
That I could ſay, Good night! till it were morrow.

THE reverse of fourteen, and extremes of eleven
Unite, and you'll instantly have
The name of a woman, six husbands in seven
Wou'd gladly see laid in her grave.

ENIGMATISTS, whose prying eyes,
See through the deep and dark disguise;
Who will undoubtedly reveal,
What I endeavour to conceal;
On you I call; What is the name
Of that which outlives time or fame;
A flow'r that never fades away;
A bright, refulgent, heavenly ray;
The centre where all things repose;
A garden where all goodness grows;
The magnet unto which arts tend;
To smiling innocence a friend:
It scales the heavens, illumes the earth,
From whom fair science took her birth;
A shield not pierc'd, an open gate;
Maintaineth justice, killeth hate.
Type of eternity, to thee I bend;
Thou health ne'er sick, and life that ne'er shall end:
Thou sun, whose glorious beams dispense around;
And moon, with never fading splendour crown'd.

I'M in a garret long confin'd,
If so my master is inclin'd,
Where, if my constitution's broke,
I'm useless found as rotten oak;
But if I'm us'd with proper care,
A long confinement I can bear;
And, when return'd to mother-earth,
An hundred children may bring forth;
But a strange change is wrought in me,
I food for cattle first may be;
But if I'm to a monster thrown,
He'll use me cruelly you'll own,
As if he parted flesh and bone;
Nor does his cruelty restrain,
While I scarce any form retain;
Then am consign'd to artists skill,
Who make me any form they will;
I'm at each treat, you must declare,
Whene'er you see a pasty there;
You, Ladies too, when at your tea,
Will very like apply to me,
Then shew next year what I may be.

THE GARDEN FRONT of CARLTON HOUSE, the RESIDENCE of the PRINCE REGENT.

My first the lawyer's hobby tells,
A fish my second doth impart;
My total dignifies and dwells
In ev'ry sympathising heart.

TWO names that once made monarchs bow;
But which, alas! are humbled now;
Give us a bard who has a claim
Beyond them both, to honest fame.

LADIES, I wonder, none of you as yet,
On me to make a riddle e'er thought fit.
In ſhady woods my parents may be ſeen,
Enrich'd with cloathing of the fineſt green.
They conſtantly are arm'd with pointed ſpears,
Which ſerve them for defence for many years.
With cruel inſtruments from them I'm torn,
And tortur'd ſo, I'd better ne'er been born.
In a vile place I'm bury'd under ground,
Then taken up, and in the river drown'd.
Again I'm cleans'd from filth, then I am ſold
In every noted town to young and old;
Then I become a trap, I do declare,
And unſuſpected, many I enſnare.
Now after practiſing this cous'ning trade,
I'm thrown away by it, being uſeleſs made.
By what I've ſaid you'll find me out with eaſe,
Yet I'm in hopes it may not you diſpleaſe.

I the promoter of good and of ill,
Of vice and of virtue, of jargon and ſkill,
Of wiſdom and folly, of peace and of ſtrife,
And am found with the matron, maid, widow, and wife:
With kings, and with queens, and with beggars, I dwell;
And am found in the palace, the cottage and cell;
The deſtitute orphan, the heireſs alſo,
I always attend on, wherever they go:
The proſtitute female, and innocent maid,
By me are directed, are led, and miſled:
With topers and hermits I ever am found,—
And where plotters aſſemble I greatly abound.

THERE is a flower, may make your nose
What its name is, if you transpose.

THE ROSE.

THE roſe had been waſh'd, juſt waſh'd in a
ſhower,
This roſe was to Anna convey'd;
The plentiful moiſture encumber'd the flow'r,
And weigh'd down its beautiful head.

The leaves were all wet, and the cup was all fill'd,
And it ſeem'd to a fanciful view,
To weep for the buds it had left with regret,
On the flouriſhing buſh where it grew.

I haſtily ſnatch'd it, unfit as it was,
For a noſegay ſo dreeping and drown'd;
And ſwinging it rudely, too rudely, alas!
I ſnap'd it, it fell to the ground.

And ſuch, I exclaim'd, is the pitileſs part,
Some act by the delicate mind;
Regardleſs of wringing and breaking a heart,
Already to ſorrow reſign'd.

This elegant roſe, had I ſhaken it leſs,
Might have bloom'd with its owner awhile;
And the tear that is wip'd with a little addreſs,
May be follow'd, perhaps, with a ſmile.

A TOWN of some note to an admiral join
By one crooked link of a letter between;
And without more ado, if I rightly opine,
The name of a statesman will quickly be seen.

My first is a term that in Ireland is us'd
For waters unmov'd by a tide;
My second, I own, has been often abus'd,
When int'rest two parties divide.
My whole has a head that is stor'd with deep thought
A heart that by nature can feel;
And once on a time *independence* it *taught*,
So they clos'd up its mouth with a *real*.

Ceaſe, ceaſe, ye labourers, and ye tradeſmen too,
For lo! I come, to give the weary reſt.
No more your labours, nor your ſchemes purſue,
But for a while in my embrace be bleſt.
From burden'd beaſts I take the galling yoke;
Th' impriſon'd ſchool-boy from his taſk ſet free;
The rural hind now cracks his homely joke,
Hails me his friend that gives him liberty.
Thus to diſpenſe I range this ſpacious earth,
And every weary wretch and corner find,
To flight poetic frequent bring new birth,
And vigour to the contemplative mind.
Tho' ſuch my nature, I've the tool been made
To darkeſt deeds, too horrid to be told;
For vice will often lurk in virtue's ſhade,
And wolves diſguis'd will creep into the fold.

MY firſt is a carriage you'll find it appear,
Although it is one that's not every year;
My next is a place from whence riches do roll,
Pray Ladies diſgrace not yourſelves with my whole.

SUTTON COURT, HEREFORDSHIRE.—Seat of James Hereford Esq.

THO' Bacchus may boaſt of his care-killing bowl,
And folly in thought-drowning revels delight;
Such worſhip, alas! has no charms for the ſoul,
When ſofter devotions the ſenſes invite:

To the arrow of fate or the canker of care,
His potions oblivious a balm may beſtow;
But to fancy that feeds on the charms of the fair,
The death of reflection the cure of all woe.

What ſoul that's poſſeſt of a dream ſo divine,
With riot wou'd bid the ſweet viſion be gone;
For a tear that bedews ſenſibility's ſhrine,
Is a drop of more worth than all Bacchus's tun;

Each change and exceſs hath thro' life been my doom,
And well can I ſpeak of its joy and its ſtrife;
The bottle affords us a glimpſe thro' the gloom,
But love's the true ſunſhine that gladdens our life.

Come then roſy Venus and ſpread o'er my ſight,
The magic illuſions that raviſh the ſoul;
Awake in my breaſt the ſoft dream of delight,
And drop from my myrtle one leaf in my bowl:

Then deep will I drink of the nectar divine,
Nor e'er jolly God from thy banquet remove;
But each tube of my heart ever thirſt for the wine,
That's mellow'd by friendſhip and ſweeten'd by love.

A METHOD pursu'd for to form wood for use,
And some thing which wonderful matter's produce,
With a part of a beast, when preserved, will tell
The right way a village in Suffolk to spell.

MY first an inquisitive pronoun you'll find,
A negative strong is my second;
All things you can name in my whole are combin'd,
Tho' a slight piece of furniture reckon'd.

He liv'd on earth and did not sin,
Guiltless he liv'd and dy'd,
And all his actions were most just,
And to be justified.
Yet for all this 'tis sure in heav'n,
He ne'er will find a place,
Nor any of his ancestors,
Nor yet his future race.

THOU tyrant, whom I will not name,
Whom heaven and hell alike disclaim,
Abhor'd and shun'd for wholesome ends,
By angels, jesuits, brutes and fiends;
What terms to curse thee shall I find,
Thou plague peculiar to mankind?
Oh! may my verse excel in spite,
The wildest wittiest imps of night!
Then lend me for a while your rage,
Ye maidens old, and matrons sage;
So may my vein satiric seem
As vile and hateful as my theme.
Eternal foe to soft desires,
Inflamer of forbidden fires;
Thou bane of freedom, ease and mirth,
Thou pre-damnation upon earth,
Which makes the tender sex endure
Repeated deaths without a cure;
Thou serpent with a harmless face,
Thou lawful scourge of human race,
Thou scorpion whom the angels fly,
Monster whom birds and beasts defy,
Whom subtle *Romish* priests eschew,
And Satan (let him have his due).
That wretch (if such a wretch there be)
Who hopes for happiness in thee,
With vain pursuit, may search as well
For truth in lies, or ease in hell.

Complete, I am uncommon, rare.

Complete, I am uncommon, rare,
Curtail me, Ladies, if you dare,
I certainly shall fright you:
Again curtail'd, I'm from a wound,
Again, a carriage then I'm found,
To ride in 'twould delight you.

Brandenburgh House & Theatre, Chiswick, the Seat of the Margravine of Anspach

MY first is the reverse of out,
My second is a tree;
My third resolve, and you, no doubt,
A woman's name will see:
My total, when combin'd, will shew
A place for those who're sick and low.

MY first is a fish, and so is my second;
And my whole's a good fruit, by most
people reckon'd.

Tho' but four letters form my name,
Six words you'll meet with in the same:
First I a schoolboy's game denote,
Revers'd, I'm sometimes on your coat;
Transpos'd, I'm in an alehouse found,
Again, you meet me in your round;
A period, if transpos'd again,
Again, you'll find me *drench'd* in rain.

AN article proper for keeping of food,
And an effort you're making, if well understood;
If connected together, the name will produce
Of a place in most dwellings of very great use.

FROM whence I came, I don't design to tell,
Left by the fame you know my name too well;
In every town where company resort,
I choose to be, likewise at England's court.
With France and Spain I never join alliance,
And to the Turks I ever bid defiance:
With conquering heroes, and with poets too,
I claim a part in every thing they do.
The miser's gold, and prodigal attend,
And to real lovers am a constant friend.
Take this one hint, I'm found where cannons roar,
In London City, York, and many more.

5. My *first*, strange to tell! is both a road and a robber, a horse and a saddle. My *second* is a plant. My *whole*, an inclosure.

TAKE half of a many,
Prefix it to one;
Then wit, if you've any,
Tell what 'tis when done.

SONG.—*Mr.* Edwin.

A voyage over ſeas had not enter'd my head,
Had I known but on which ſide to butter my bread.
Heigho! ſure I—for hunger muſt die!
I've ſail'd like a booby; come here in a ſquall,
Where, alas! there's no bread to be butter'd at all!
Oho! I'm a terrible booby!
Oh, what a ſad booby am I!

In London what gay chop-houſe ſigns in the ſtreet!
But the only ſign here is of nothing to eat.
Heigho! that I—for hunger ſhould die!
My mutton's all loſt, I'm a poor ſtarving elf,
And for all the world like a loſt mutton myſelf;
Oho! I ſhall die a loſt mutton!
Oh, what a loſt mutton am I!

For a neat ſlice of beef, I cou'd roar like a bull,
And my ſtomach's ſo empty, my heart is quite full.
Heigho! that I—for hunger ſhould die!
But, grave without meat, I muſt here meet my grave,
For my bacon I fancy I never ſhall ſave;
Oho! I ſhall ne'er ſave my bacon!
I can't ſave my bacon, not I!

MY *firſt* is the father's delight,
My *next* doth entangle a ſhoal;
In ſeventy poetical feet
Great Milton comprifes my *whole*.

GRIM, greedy, and ghaunt, lovely ladies, I come,
And humbly ſolicit a ſmall piece of room,
While I my achievements and valour proclaim,
Then truſt to your goodneſs to bring me to fame.
Let Rodney, Cornwallis, Drake, Elliot, and Hood,
Swell the annals of Britain with rapine and blood;
More captives I've taken, more thouſands by far
I've ſlaughter'd than ever *theſe* did the laſt war.
Yet ſtrange, tho' unequall'd in proweſs and ſkill,
I'm ſcorn'd by the great like a dæmon of ill:
For if at the court I but once ſhow my head,
I'm ſwept off that inſtant, and told with the dead:
But the poor, not ſo cruel, tho' humble their lot,
Will freely allow me a place in their cot.
In return, an induſtrious example I give,
For I teach them to ſpin, and inſtruct them to weave.
When ſummer returns and Sol's genial ray
With flow'rs decks the meadows, with bloſſoms the ſpray;
Then on the gay hedge, or the fair mantled green,
Or the golden-ting'd furze, I am frequently ſeen
Attending my buſineſs, my ſchemes to purſue,
And ſtrive the unwary by ſnares to undo.
But hold, charming creatures, I've ſpoken too plain,
Then tell the next ſeaſon my nature and name.

MOST uſeful my *firſt*; good or bad is my *next*;
My *whole* (when betray'd) has thouſands perplext.

Thro' life's rugged voyage each mortal muſt ſail,
Oft toſs'd by the billows of fortune about;

Thro' life's rugged voyage each mortal must sail,
Oft toss'd by the billows of fortune about;
This hour a calm, and the next one a gale,
Makes all of the harbour of happiness doubt.

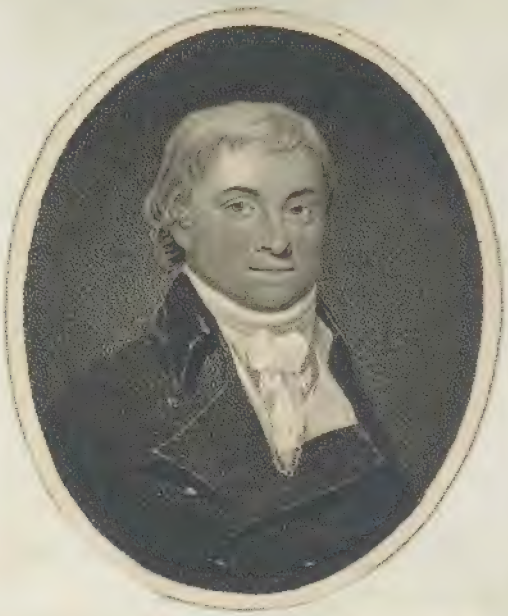
ROYAL MILITARY ASYLUM, for SOLDIER'S CHILDREN.

Enough, alas! of sorrow and of pain
O'er Day's fair face a present shadow throws!
Enow there are, who, studious to complain,
Swell the black catalogue of former woes!
Be thine the happier art, with taste refin'd,
To make mankind in recollection blest—
Cull each delightful image of the mind,
And to a wise oblivion leave the rest!

MY *firſt* prolific ſmiles o'er all the earth
Diffuſe, exotic to that tyrant, Dearth;
The zenith of my *next* at noon appears,
And by me learn to reckon months and years;
My *whole* hebdomedary does inſpire
The zealous heart with ſacred, latent fire.

TO liſt the drooping ſoul from earth to heaven,
I was to man, by God, in pity given;
Yet true it is, though of celeſtial birth,
I never can be found unleſs on earth;
For though on high th' uplifted ſoul I bear,
E'en to the ſkies, I never enter there.
From heaven excluded, and unknown in hell,
With Adam's race alone on earth I dwell,
By me the mean uprais'd, enrich'd the poor,
Made bold the fearful, and th' expos'd ſecure:
Of me poſſeſt, the beggar can look down
With pity on a king, and ſcorn a crown;
Greater by far, than whom without me ſways
The regal ſceptre, and the world obeys.
With wond'rous toil, great Hannibal, they ſay,
Hew'd o'er the lofty Alps his frozen way:—
Lo! where obedient nature owns my pow'r,
A valley ſmiles where mountains frown'd before.
When heav'n's artillery rends the parted ſpheres,
And inſtant death on ev'ry ſide appears:
The cruſh of worlds, and fate I firm defy,
Yet with the breath of life expiring die.

WHENCE Sappho leapt, when driven to deſpair;
From whom aroſe the ſaw, "Labour in vain;"
What oft is us'd t'emit refreſhing air;
Who in her flight was by a ſerpent ſlain:
Ye witty fair, the initials when combin'd,
Diffuſe a pleaſure to the feeling mind.



NO glory I covet, no riches I want,
Ambition is nothing to me;
The one thing I beg of kind heaven to grant
Is a mind independent and free.

With passions unruffled, untainted with pride,
By reason my life let me square;
The wants of my nature are cheaply supply'd,
And the rest are but folly and care.

The blessings which Providence freely has lent,
I'll justly and gratefully prize:
Whilst sweet meditation and chearful content,
Shall make me both healthful and wise.

In the pleasures the great man's possessions display,
Unenvy'd I'll challenge my part;
For ev'ry fair object my eyes survey,
Contributes to gladden my heart.

How vainly thro' infinite trouble and strife,
The many their labours employ;
Since all that is truly delightful in life,
Is what all, if they please, may enjoy.

A Paſtoral poet, and a ſimple ſtrain;
A Grecian gen'ral, and a tawny train;
A Roman ruler, and a brainleſs beau;
A modeſt matron, and a fearleſs foe;
A lordly lover, and a vengeful vice;
A hoſtile habit, and a fav'ry ſpice;
A mighty monarch, and a dainty dame;
A pious portion, and a furious flame:
Theſe few initials join'd, define
The name and dwelling too,
Of a kind, faithful friend of mine,
Who's always juſt and true.

LET poverty for once engage
Your charity to grant a page,
I ſeek but what I've fought;
For whatſoever ſize or ſhape,
Or feature I attempt to ape,
I'm ſeldom worth a groat.

Yet tho' I'm pinch'd with poverty,
I keep a ſlave to wait on me,
That likes me wond'rous well;
Whene'er I'm joyous, it is glad,
And when I'm ſullen, it is ſad;
Thus we concordant dwell.

Whether I'm ſtout or ſlender made,
A chief by chance, or drudge by trade;
Whether I'm brown or fair:
Whether to this or that ally'd,
Pompous or poor, I'm puff'd with pride;
Your favours I would ſhare.

Sometimes I am a hypocrite,
A complete, perfect paraſite;
Sometimes a ſcand'lous ſcold:
There's ſcarce a lord in all the land,
Or yet a ſtrumpet walks the Strand,
But I've ſcoff'd or cajol'd,

If in my friend a foible be,
(And few there are from foibles free)
I pleaſe that precious part;
Or if my foe a failing have,
Like a nefarious, naughty knave,
I ſtrive to make it ſmart.

THE prieſts of blithe Pan, an old Grecian game,
Her grandſon who wedded her brother;
The goddeſs of war;—con the frontals, they'll name
What you owe to your friends, your father, and mother

SHUTE HOUSE, DEVONSHIRE from the DEER PARK. — Seat of Sir John Davie Pole Bart.

THE HIGHGATE OATH.

SILENCE! take notice, you are my son,
Full on your father look, Sir;
This is an oath you may take as you run,
So lay your hand on the horn-book, Sir.
Hornaby, Thornaby, Highgate, and Horns,
And money by hook or by crook, Sir.

Spend not with cheaters, or coz'ners, your life,
Nor waste it on profligate beauty;
And, when you are marry'd, be kind to your wife,
And true to all petticoat duty!
Dutiful, beautiful, kind to your wife,
And true from the cap to the shoe-tie.

To drink to a man, when a woman is near,
You never should hold to be right, Sir;
Nor, unless 'tis your taste, to drink small for strong beer,
Or eat brown bread, when you can get white, Sir,
Mannikin, cannikin, good meat and drink,
Are pleasant at morn, noon, and night, Sir.

To kiss with the maid, when the mistress is kind,
A gentleman ought to be loath, Sir;
But if the maid's fairest, your oath does not bind;
Or you may, if you like it, kiss both, Sir.
Kiss away, both you may, sweetly smack night and day,
If you like it, you're bound by your oath, Sir.

When you travel to Highgate take this oath again,
And again, like a sound man and true, Sir;
And if you have with you some more merry men,
Besure you make them take it too, Sir;
Bless you son, get you gone, frolic and fun,
Old England and honest true blue, Sir.

My first is a spot on our faces oft found,
Or an animal sleek who lives under ground;
My next is an eminence you may ascend;
And my whole does the husbandman often offend.

ONCE most delightful to be seen,
I stood with youth and beauty crown'd,
Till cruel foes with weapons keen,
First threw me prostrate on the ground.

There as I was wounded, helpless lay,
And rudely trod beneath their feet;
My colour chang'd, my strength decay'd,
My body burnt with scorching heat.

At length, like corpse in hearse convey'd,
My scatter'd parts were hither sent;
Of which, a stately pile being made,
Myself, am my own monument.

Ponder this well, then look on me,
And think of man's mortality,

THE source from whence plenty abundantly flow,
Which affords many comforts we find here below,
With what makes a close of a tune on a fiddle,
But never intrudes itself into the middle,
Will discover a place, you all will agree,
Whose shore is continually wash'd by the sea.

MY first is what we all wish for, my second is my Creator; would I had the happiness to be my whole.

Uncouth I'm sometimes seen upon the hard. Ladies, I malice am, entire.

Uncouth I'm sometimes seen upon the hand,
Revers'd, I am the produce of the land;
Curtail'd, I'm to the sciences allied,
Again, I spread destruction far and wide.

Ladies, I malice am, entire,
My tail cut off, I'm near the fire;
Behead me then, and oh! beware
You tumble not into a snare.

A View of RICHMOND HILL and BRIDGE.

MY first will in time to my last be burnt down;
My whole is of Ireland a county and town.

ESTEEM'D where'er I come, my usage kind,
At every house, I entertainment find;
If at a feast, I chance not to be there,
In haste for me, is sent a messenger.
The king, or emperor, would uneasy be,
Should he sit down without my company.
The meanest subject too, when he should eat,
If I be absent will not taste his meat.
And here, perhaps, you'll call me trencher friend,
Because at meals I constantly attend.
I taste your dishes all, I must confess,
Sometimes indeed to very great excess.
Yet, this is not because I take delight
In feasts, like some base greedy parasite.
To serve and please you is my sole intent;
For this I spend my strength,—myself is spent.
In short, I am an universal good,
Almost as necessary as your food;
Pure without spot, and from corruption free,
And saints themselves, have been compar'd to me.

MY first rolls on in rapid tides,
My last with gentle current glides:
My whole a residence has found,
Far off, on trans-atlantic ground.

MY first a sphere, my next as round a thing:
To these, my third and last, an adverb bring:
My whole thus put together, will be reckon'd,
Or I'm mistaken, like my first and second.

MY *firſt* no author has uſed ſo licentiouſly as Sterne. With him it ſerves not only to divide ſentences, but to ſuggeſt expreſſions, which decency will not utter, and to inſinuate meanings, which, but for its impudent interference, might never have occurred. My *ſecond* is obſerved by ſome in ſuch a manner and with ſuch views as to become a barren ceremonial, a ſolemn mockery, an arrogant humiliation; by others, with ſuch wiſdom and beneficence, in a manner ſo rational and ſo chriſtian, as to be uſeful to themſelves and to their neighbours, and highly acceptable to their Creator. My *whole*, in the days of our more frugal forefathers was ſupplied in plenty from their farms: we, more faſtidious, I will not ſay more wiſe, unleſs the products of both the Indies are ſet before us, cannot ſit down to it in comfort.

In this fair iſle, when Edward fill'd the throne,
With many more to flouriſh I was known:
Now me the continent alone can boaſt;
I thrive not where Britannia rules the roaſt.
I am no father, uncle, nephew, brother;
Grandam ought not to be, nor yet a mother.
Aunt, daughter, niece, or ſiſter yet I may,
In ſpite of all the world can do or ſay.
Hard fate! for life I muſt a priſ'ner be,
Unleſs ſome deſperado ſets me free;
But if he's ta'én——of ſuch import am I,
Moſt ſurely he would be condemn'd to die.
To puzzle you, fair ladies, I would fain,
But fear already I have ſpoke too plain;
Yet back or forward turn me, ſure I am
You'll always find me lit'rally the ſame.

FROM what we all came, and to what we return,
Will certainly tell you my first;
The name of a god will my second explain,
My whole with the housemaid we trust.

I'M a magician of stupendous fame,
And the most pow'rful that e'er bore the name.
A strong enchanted castle I do hold,
That's now above a thousand lustres old;
Yet its foundation time could ne'er decay,
Nor yet the furious deluge wash away.
At first a glorious front attracts your eye,
Built by exact rules of symmetry;
All the first rooms are splendid, rich and neat,
Contriv'd for delicacy, ease and state;
But in remoter lodgings slaves I keep,
And fetter'd captives groan in dungeons deep;
My fetters are invisible but sure,
And commonly as long as life endure.
Here is my citadel, secure I lye,
And practise charms on all that travel by.
My flatt'ring promises all ranks ensnare,
The wise, the great, the rich, the brave, the fair.
They first approach my gates with eager joy,
Led by the pleasing curiosity;
But viewing all the apartments, the desire
Abates, and they as gladly would retire.
But, Oh! a potent verbal spell retains,
And holds them fetter'd in its magic chains.
How many for admittance do implore
In vain, but for dismission thousands more.

TWO names that once made monarchs bow;
But which, alas! are humbled now;
Give us a bard who has a claim
Beyond them both, to honest fame.

MY first is used by great persons upon grand occasions, my second is produced by an affront, or want of good temper, my whole hides many a blemish in an old house.

MY firſt's the glorious ſource of light and heat,
My ſecond at each houſe you'll ſurely meet;
My whole th' Almighty ſent to chear mankind,
And ev'ry one my bleſſed influence find.

FOUR fifths of what a dairy maid
Muſt call each morning to her aid;
Then half of theſe already found,
Will give what ſtands on holy ground.

Milton House, near Peterborough, the Seat of Lord Milton.

MY first is a harbour, my last is a shore,
My whole is an island, I cannot say more.

FIRM to our post a numerous band
In martial order rang'd we stand,
Still ready upon every call,
With fury on the foe to fall:
A subtile foe that here and there
In parties ramble ev'ry where,
Ever spoiling and defacing,
What they chance to find a place in;
Ever lurking where they light,
Till raised by us and put to flight.
But, O ye powers! (of you we crave
That aid the generous and brave)
When we the injur'd wou'd redress,
And succour innocent distress:
When with oppressors vile we strive,
And would them from their shelter drive,
Grant us a dry and open field——
For should we summon them to yield,
In bogs and marshes still secure
They'd mock our vengeance, and defy our power.

FIVE hundred times less than my first is my middle,
My last may be found in some parts of a fiddle:
My ensemble, though not of proud fame, is a town,
To the ladies of Suffolk and Norfolk well known.

THREE syllables compose a name,
Which, when reversed, is still the same;
It designates delicious fruit,
Whose purchase, not all pockets suit

MY first is what we all wish for, my second is my Creator; would I had the happiness to be my whole.

Sonnet to the Moon.

Pale Queen of Night! thy ever-gentle ray
Invites my Muſe, with tributary lay,
T' admire thy beams, whoſe influence impart
A ſecret calmneſs to a love-ſick heart.
Guide me, I pray, to Contemplation's bow'r,
With Meditation to beguile an hour:
But when abſorb'd in endleſs ſearch I rove,
Striving thy origin and form to prove;
Steal o'er mine eye-lids a ſomnific glance,
And end my doubtful wonder in a trance!
Teach me with fev'rence to adore! and know
That 'tis enough for mortals here below,
To own the Pow'r Divine that rules above,
And praiſe his Name with gratitude and love.

She is two fifths of a mechanic, and the whole of any thing; and four ſixths of mild, and a fifth.

Her diſpoſition is what a fairy is ſometimes called, and part of a falſity; it is an ejaculation, and what we write with.

Her manner is what is always uſed in deception, and the comparative of little; it is what we all love.

Pretty like her ſenſe, and little,
Like her beauty frail and brittle.

MY first a vowel of distinguish'd place,
My next a rebel of inferior race;
My last an English pronoun will be found,
My whole a mansion built on classic ground.

AN article proper for keeping of food,
And an effort you're making, if well understood;
If connected together, the name will produce
Of a place in most dwellings of very great use.

THE source from whence plenty abundantly flow,
Which affords many comforts we find here below,
With what makes a close of a tune on a fiddle,
But never intrudes itself into the middle,
Will discover a place, you'all will agree,
Whose shore is continually wash'd by the sea.

MY first an inquisitive pronoun you'll find,
A negative strong is my second;
All things you can name in my whole are combin'd,
Tho' a slight piece of furniture reckon'd,

MY first is a carriage you'll find it appear,
Although it is one that's not every year;
My next is a place from whence riches do roll,
Pray Ladies disgrace not yourselves with my whole,

A Tree, with a vowel annex'd, will unfold,
A thing not amiss when the weather is cold,

WHITTON near ISLEWORTH — Seat of Sam.l Prime Esq.r

The NUN.—From Pains of Memory, *by Mr. Merry.*

ASK the meek Nun, who, fled from worldly care,
Is doom'd to long involuntary pray'r;
To meagre fasts, and nights of broken rest,
With busy Nature struggling in her breast;
Ask, if she deem in her forlorn abode,
That sad seclusion is the will of God;
That her blue eyes so languishingly sweet,
Were meant to hide their lustre in retreat;
And, dimm'd with tears, eternally to trace
The dull, the holy horrors of the place;
Those glowing lips, with vermil dews o'erspread,
To kiss the mould'ring relicts of the dead;
The ear's vibration, but to catch the swell
Nocturnal, of some melancholy bell;
Unknown the thrilling extacies, that move
In the soft whisp'rings of the voice of love;
The sense of feeling drawn o'er every part,
And all the fine emotions of the heart,
Were they bestow'd, a mournful wreck to lie
In the oblivious gulph of bigotry?
Her trembling tongue the motive would explain,
That fix'd her thus, alas, to live in vain.
Some dread remembrance of departed joy,
Beguil'd her reason, pow'rful to destroy!
Left her like yonder leafless shrub to fade,
Hid from the light, and with'ring in the glade.

THERE is a flower, may make your nose
What its name is, if you transpose.

MY first is a harbour, my last is a shore,
My whole is an island, I cannot say more.

What a whimsical creature's John Bull!
He belongs to a whimsical nation;
His head is with crotchets cramm'd full,
And he's changing for ever his fashion.
No matter to him right or wrong,
So John be permitted his snarling,
An election, a cock-fight, or song,
Or abusing the Duke and his darling.
Now politics bother his head;
And now the prime fashion is boxing,
Then the terrible high price of bread,
Now Cochrane, stock jobbing, and hoaxing,
Horse racing, the four-in-hand club,
Abuse of his Prince and his betters,
Next delighted the *Mounseers* to drub,
And—no prison i.. future for debtors
Doctor Solomon's Balm to renew,
Past youth and lost vigour to restore,
Spring wigs to make old heads look new,
A learned Pig grown into a *bore*.
Then a Hottentot Venus so rare,
Good lack! what a comical show!
And, to make John exultingly stare,
The Emperors all of a row.
With surprise to make John next afraid,
A Monster appears on the sea,
Which turn'd out to be but a *mere maid*,
Whose green hair was all *fiddle-de-dee*.
But talking of long hair, good lack!
With frizzled up whisker'd Cossack!
How delighted was John and his wife,
Oh! he pleas'd Mrs. Bull to the life,
But the greatest most favourite whim,
Is *Boney* pent up in a cage,
All the world must be looking at him,
Because 'tis the fashion and rage.
Now Peacock's no longer the thing,
With his Elephant or his Hyena,
For all polish'd circles now ring
With the Monster sail'd for St. Helena.

SOME yield their breath to hoary time,
And others perish in their prime;
And he whom death the longeſt ſpares,
Is but the witneſs of more cares.

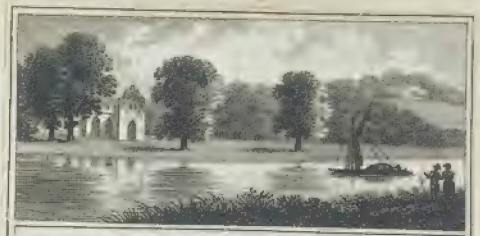
Henceforth upon thy early bier
I'll daily ſhed the guſhing tear,
And waſte in ſighs the tedious ſtage
That cloſes life's ſad pilgrimage.
For ah! no more the orient ray
Soft glitt'ring on the ocean's ſpray;
No more the mead, with flowret's dreſt,
Can waken rapture in my breaſt.
Come then, my child, and let me ſhare
In death's dread hour thy conſtant care,
And let me, from life's ſorrows free,
Sink in the grave and reſt with thee.

The

Intereſt of the Poor and their Duty are the ſame;

For

Cleanlineſs gives Comfort,
Sobriety brings Health,
Induſtry yields Plenty,
Honeſty makes Friends,
Religion procures Peace of Mind,
Conſolation under Afflictions,
The Proſpect of God's Bleſſing,
through Chriſt, in this Life,
and the Aſſurance of endleſs Happineſs
and Glory in the Life to come.



DANESFIELD, OXFORDSHIRE.—Seat of R. Scott Esq.r from Medenham Abbey.

AN UNFORTUNATE MOTHER TO HER INFANT AT THE BREAST.

BY MISS ROACH.

UNHAPPY child of indiscretion!
Poor slumberer on a breast forlorn;
Pledge and reproof of past transgression,
Dear, tho' unwelcome, to be born.

For thee, a suppliant wish addressing
To heav'n, thy mother fain wou'd dare;
But conscious blushes stain the blessing,
And sighs suppress my broken pray'r.

But, spite of these, my mind unshaken,
In parent duty turns to thee;
Though long repented, ne'er forsaken,
Thy days shall lov'd and guarded be.

And lest th' injurious world upbraid thee
For mine, or for thy father's ill;
A nameless mother oft shall aid thee,
A hand unseen protect thee still.

And though, to rank and place a stranger,
Thy life an humble course must run;
Soon shalt thou learn to fly the danger
Which I, too late, have learnt to shun.

Meantime, in these sequester'd vallies,
Here may'st thou rest in safe content;
For innocence may smile at malice,
And thou, O thou, art innocent.

Here to thine infant wants are giv'n
Shelter and rest, and purest air;
And milk as pure—but mercy, heav'n!
My tears have dropt, and mingled there.

I am the ſpring and life of trade;
Am fix'd in England and well known;
But, if you take away my head,
I'm found within the torrid zone.

My head if once more from me torn,
I then become, tho' ſtrange to tell,
A native of the frigid zone,
And at the poles for ever dwell.

REFLECTIONS ON WAR.

From Holloway's Peasant's Fate.

O thou worſt Fiend, with hate infernal fraught,
Or more than fiend, thou monſter of mankind!
Dade man his brother's lawful right to claim,
And in his bosom plunge the hateful blade,
Then vanish'd o'er the deed with ſome proud name
Of deathleſs Glory, and immortal Fame!
Tremble, my Muſe! nor ſtain the rural verſe
With the vile crimes e'en Fancy ſhudders to rehearſe:
Yet Sympathy's ſoft eye muſt overflow
At War's rude havoc—ſource of human woe!—
In vain will Charity extend her hand!
In vain ſoft Pity try her influence bland!—
Unſeen Diſtreſs in haunts obſcure muſt pine,
And Virtue ſacrifice at Sorrow's ſhrine!
So he, who wields the wondrous ſyſtem, wills,—
The creature *Man* but his deſign fulfils.
Not that the ſtrain condemns the hoſtile ſtrife
Of valorous Britons, prodigal of life,
When fierce Invaſion threats their ſea-girt ſhore,
And proud Injuſtice bids the battle roar:
No! let them bear the ſword, and couch the lance,
And, fir'd with patriot energy, advance
From cities crowded, and the calm retreat,
Where immemorial Peace has fix'd her ſeat.
Then let them haſten to their country's call,—
Wives, families, and friends, their deareſt all
Demand their aid,—their father's hatred'd ſhades
Shall ſmile, exultant, from th' Elyſian glades;
Aſſiſting Heav'n their dauntleſs hearts inſpire,
To ſcourge the ruthleſs nation in their ire;
The laurel'd garland ſhall their brows adorn,
And Fame proclaim their deeds to ages yet unborn.

I *love* your poeſy and your eaſy ſtrain,
I *love* your pieces when they're written plain;
I *love* the book where knowledge doth abound,
I *love* the leaf where learning's to be found;
I *love* the learned ladies for their ſkill,
I *love* the untaught much againſt my will;
I *love* the ancient, 'cauſe I'm full of days,
I *love* the young, becauſe I'm fond of praiſe;
I *love* the lawyer, 'cauſe I like a fee,
I *love* the meagre, 'cauſe the lean like me;
I *love* the peaſant, 'cauſe I like a clown,
I *love* the country though I live in town:
Another hint, dear ladies, ends my lay,
I ſhun the night, but I embrace the day.

Virtue's a ſolid rock, whereat being aim'd
The keeneſt darts of envy, yet unhurt
Her marble hero ſtands, built of ſuch baſis,
While they recoil, and wound the ſhooter's face.

THE RESIDENCE OF THE LATE Mr PERCIVAL EALING.

Virtue, the ſtrength and beauty of the ſoul,
Is the beſt gift of Heav'n: a happineſs
That, even above the frowns and ſmiles of fate,
Exalts great nature's favourites: a wealth
That ne'er encumbers, nor to baſer hands
Can be transferr'd.

My first, if 'tis good, I love to my heart,
Holy writ says, if double the better;
Not so of my next, tho' oft hid by art,
Yet to time (sad to tell) is the debtor.
My whole is uncertain, 'tis good, or 'tis bad,
As circumstance suits it must prove,
A challenge, a gift, or fine things to be had,
Or a meeting with her I best love.

SOMETHING, but what I am, I scarcely know,
Whom all have felt, but none have seen below.
A sound I'm not, nor shape, nor colour wear,
Altho' perceiv'd by touch, by eye, and ear.
I'm sweetly born upon the loveliest bed,
By some brisk swain prepar'd, and gentle maid;
Sweet is my birth; alas! how short my stay!
I hardly live, but vanish quite away.
Like life each momentary pleasure flies,
Lives but in birth, and in creating dies:
Yet ever bleft by the creating pow'r,
We die, we live, ten thousand in an hour.
Some say they hate me, but they know they lie;
All know they love me, but they know not why.
By all I'm sought, thro' England, France, and Spain;
The mad, the wise, the modest, and the vain:
With porters, swains, with kings and monks I dwell,
And please the town, the cottage, and the cell.

A city's name in Britain's noble isle;
Part of the world where most the muses smile;
That which distinguishes the day from night;
A white robed virtue that endures the light;
A rich and fruitful quarter of the year:
Th' initials join, a name will then appear,
Whose graceful art and elegance combine,
And sweetest accents flow in every line.

The head of a snake, and the tail of a goose,
The heart of a beast, and initial of love;
Those parts when connected will plainly produce,
What carries a secret the wide world o'er.

Merly. Dorsetshire. — Seat of John Willett Willett Esqr

A MORNING HYMN

Soon as the dawn has streak'd the sky,
To thee, my God, my voice I'll raise;
Soon as the light salutes mine eye,
To thee I'll tune my song of praise.

Thy hallow'd name my heart shall warm,
To thee my soul her pray'r shall pour;
To thee, who still, secur'd from harm,
Preserv'st me in the midnight hour.

Still, gracious God, my heart direct;
May all my labours seek thy praise:
Do thou my heedless feet protect,
And still to thee my wonder raise!

AN EVENING HYMN

Eternal glory, Lord, be thine,
For ev'ry blessing I have known:
May grateful songs of praise be mine,
And may those songs ascend thy throne!

My heavy eyes in sleep I'll close,
Secure in thy almighty care;
And bid my weary limbs repose,
Confiding still that thou art near!

Then when the sleep of death shall come,
With faith and hope let me obey
That pow'r which calls me to the tomb,
Expectant of eternal day!

With monks and with hermits I chiefly reside,
From camps and from courts at a distance:
The ladies, some say, can't my presence abide,
But, to banish me, join their assistance.

I seldom can flatter, tho' oft show respect,
To the patriot, the preacher, the peer:
But sometimes, alas! a sad mark of neglect,
I'm a proof of contempt and a sneer.

I once, as the chief of our poets record,
Was pleas'd with the nightingale's song:
Yet, such my strange taste, I leave lady and lord,
And oft wander with thieves all night long.

To the couch of the sick I am frequently nigh,
And I always attend on the dead;
But so bashful am I, so uncommonly shy,
As soon as you call me, I'm fled.

What is it has resistless charms,
What is it anger soon disarms,
What is it softest passions move,
And clips the wings of flying love?

What is it doth the heart invade,
What is it can alone persuade,
What gilds the lover's servile chain,
And makes the slave be pleas'd and vain?

See here the strangest elf beneath the sun,
The child of fancy, accident, or fun:
When one of these, or malice, gives me breath,
I'm doom'd to travel, ere I meet my death.
The greedy ear I enter, strike the drum,
Increase in size, then from the mouth I come;
The more I wander, more I gather strength,
And stretch my substance to a monstrous length;
Extend o'er distant seas, and oceans wide,
Advance with ev'ry wind and ev'ry tide;
Relate such wonders none besides can tell,
And foster mischief more than doing well.
Sometimes invisible, am only heard,
And more miraculous, the more prefer'd.
Heedless of public, or of private weal,
In truth and lies without distinction deal;
Bring to my author fame, or dire disgrace,
And have, like vagabonds, no resting place:
I'm here, I'm there, am no where long confin'd;
And hence, ye fair, my name you'll quickly find.

CRAZY JANE.

By M. Lewis, Esq.

Why, fair maid, in ev'ry feature,
Are such signs of fear express'd?
Can a wand'ring, wretched creature,
With such terror fill thy breast?

Do my frenzied looks alarm thee?
Trust me, sweet! thy fears are vain:
Not for kingdoms would I harm thee;
Shun not, then, poor Crazy Jane.

Dost thou weep to see my anguish?
Mark me! and avoid my woe;
When men flatter, sigh, and languish,
Think them false,—I found them so!
For I lov'd, oh! so sincerely,
None could ever love again;
But the youth I lov'd so dearly
Stole the wits of Crazy Jane.

Fondly my young heart receiv'd him,
Which was doom'd to love but one:
He sigh'd, he vow'd, and I believ'd him;
He was false, and I undone.
From that hour has reason never
Held her empire o'er my brain—
Henry fled, with him for ever
Fled the wits of Crazy Jane!

Now, forlorn and broken-hearted,
And with frenzied thoughts beset,
On that spot where last we parted,
On that spot where first we met,
Still I sing my love-lorn ditty,
Still I slowly pace the plain,
Whilst each passer by, in pity,
Cries 'God help thee, Crazy Jane!'

If I obtain my first I shall be happy; if I gain my second, I shall be rich; but the union of both (as my third) would render me unhappy.

On the expected Arrival of Marquis CORNWALLIS *in England.*

To that noble, that exalted character, which has long been held in the higheſt eſtimation by every true-born Engliſhman, reſpected by the greateſt heroes of other nations, and will for ages ſtand revered in the annals of this country, an eminent example of Loyalty, Courage, and Philanthropy—

To the moſt Noble Marquis Cornwallis, the following lines are reſpectfully inſcribed,

By his Lordſhip's moſt devoted,
And moſt obedient ſervant, E. B.

The Warrior comes! welcome as chearful ſpring,
When her mild train all Nature's treaſures bring.
Be ſtill, ye ſtorms! let every gentle gale
Propitious hover round each ſwelling ſail!
The gen'rous Hero comes, with glory crown'd,
And plants freſh laurels on Britannia's ground.
A Hero from a race of warriors ſprung,
Of fame more fair not e'en the Grecian ſung.
England now proudly claims him for her own,
Eager to place him near her ſacred Throne.
Then join, with mutual warmth, both heart and hand
To hail Cornwallis on his native land!

Let all the ſons of Britain loud rejoice,
Blow the ſhrill trumpet, raiſe the clarion's voice!
Battles no more fond mothers ſhall deteſt,
But with war tales inſpire the youthful breaſt;
Repeat his noble deeds, his glorious name,
And to their ſons impart his love of fame.

O D E.

Come, thou ſoft parent of the bending lyre,
With ſoul-enliv'ning ſtrains my verſe inſpire!
The flow'ry garland haſte prepare,
With myrtle wreaths entwine his hair!
Let roſes and each blooming flower,
Adorn fair CULFORD's rural bower!
Let muſic pour its dulcet ſtrains,
To greet him on his native plains!
Each grateful voice in union riſe,
And waft his praiſes to the ſkies!
Juſtice and Mercy, hand in hand,
Precede the Hero's conqu'ring band.
He comes, like Roman ſires of old,
Untainted with the love of gold:
With ſpirit bold, but gentle mind,
Compaſſionate to all mankind:
And true and faithful as the dove,
When fetter'd in the chains of love.
Now join with heart and jocund glee,
To all around recite the tale!
The Victor ſets the captive free—
May Virtue ever thus prevail!
May Truth and Honor evermore
Triumphant reign from ſhore to ſhore!
With patriot zeal and ardent mind,
Domeſtic bleſſings he reſign'd:
The Nero of the Eaſt he fought,
And ſet his ſavage tribes at nought,
Impreſs'd his haughty ſoul with fear,
And chas'd the tyrant as a deer.
His ſons, as hoſtages, ſecur'd,
No cold inſulting looks endur'd;
But in the Victor joy'd to find
A Britiſh Father far more kind;
A Father, who could lead their youth,
To Honor, Wiſdom, Peace, and Truth.
Convince them, Mercy far more brilliant ſhines,
Than all the ſparkling gems of India's mines.
May Tippoo's ſons, now taught to ſpare,
No more refuſe Compaſſion's tear!
And may they teach the parent ſtern,
To ſhew that mercy ſhewn to them!
Grecians and Romans now muſt yield
The honors of the well-fought field:
E'en Philip's ſon be fam'd no more
For conqueſts on the Indian ſhore:
But Ocean on his waves ſhall tell
Cornwallis' name from Pole to Pole.
Prepare the feaſts the garlands bring,
Let peals on peals triumphant ring!
Cornwallis be your fav'rite toaſt,
His Sovereign's pride, his Nation's boaſt!

Curſes and bleſſings from my firſt proceed,
As very oft in hiſtory we read;
The reeling ſot, with half-cloſ'd eyes,
In vain t' effect my ſecond tries;
Without my third, you'll clearly note,
A good charade is ſeldom wrote.

THE peaſant in his humble cot,
The Ethiope on the ſandy Nile,
The mole-like Laplander, whoſe grot
Boaſts little genial nature's ſmile:
Theſe, bleſt with virtue, are not poor;
Her cheering voice ſuch thrilling comfort brings,
It throws around the thatch obſcure
A joy that ſhames the palaces of kings.

Oh virtue, ſorrowing man's relief,
In pity by kind heaven ſent,
That tear'ſt away the thorn of grief,
And plant'ſt inſtead the roſe content!—
Thy ſmalleſt ſpark ſuch luſtre owns,
With it ſuch truth and dignity it brings,
It throws obſcurity on thrones,
And beams to dim the diadem of kings!

My second pass'd the great decree,
And streight my first all beauteous rose,
Like Venus from the foaming sea,
A tale that every body knows;
When Bacchanalian sparks convene,
And quaff the oft replenished bowl,
Delighted with the joyous scene,
You there may see my well-known whole.

TO cheer the heart and mend the mind,
To make us grateful, good, and kind,
Was always deem'd the work of reason,
Which in the end is sure to please one;
But how the business is effected,
By what superior skill directed,
We now want leisure to enquire—
Th' Enigma waits the fair's desire:—
My various merits to rehearse
Would claim the most exalted verse;
The muse of Pope, of Rowe, and Prior,
From me receiv'd its polish'd fire;
I taught their numbers how to glow,
And tell the tale of bliss or woe.
When fond mamma her darling spares,
To undergo a schoolboy's cares,
I lead the stripling up to man,
Of learning teach the mazy plan,
The charms of virtue, force of science,
And nature's infinite reliance.
Does Delia dance, or sing, or walk,
Or dress, or play, or read, or talk;
I give to ev'ry grace its beauty
And shew her where she owes her duty.
The smile, the frown, the lisp, the leer,
I teach their proper time and sphere.
The wanton wish, the forward look,
One hint from me, one slight rebuke,
Will quick repress the bold intruder,
That would from virtue's paths delude her.
Seek me, ye fair, and you will find
Your lovers ever true and kind.

Should my first in hand be taken,
Soon my second part appears;
Now lest you should be mistaken,
Mira view dissolv'd in tears.

Innocence in beauty blending,
In my lovely whole there are;
Modest, meek, and condescending
Strive to pattern this ye fair.

WHEN on the clouds the sun's reflected rays,
To gazing mortals the bright arch displays,
My *first* resplendent shines, my *next*, ye fair,
Reigns little lord of water, earth, and air.
Connect my parts, my *whole* will name
A youthful rev'rend sage,
Whose peerless parts and spotless fame
Might half reform an age!

If a tough Beef Steak could speak to a Gentleman what it would say it's the Name of an Ancient Poet. —

THE theme of a poem some reckon divine,
And on which when we're weary we love to recline;
A beautiful fruit, and of numbers the least,
A plant very useful that's brought from the East;
An animal wild in the fields often seen,
A part of your face, and a shrub ever green;
These initials a Poet will name of great worth,
And Bristol's renown'd as the place of his birth.

Livermere Suffolk the Seat of N. Dodson Esq.

My first is an heir, my second a snare,
My whole is the offspring of fancy;
I sent it one day, with a charming nosegay,
As a token of love to my Nancy.

A Well known friend, to many hardships bred,
From darkness rears its unassuming head,
And humbly sues, nor hopes to sue in vain,
The fair to listen to its plaintive strain.
On healthy hills, where purple hather blooms,
And fertile fields, where flowrets shed perfumes;
In winding vales, where streams meand'ring flow,
And shady woods, where the sweet hawthorns grow,
My parent stray'd, from servile bondage free,
And reap'd the fruits of sacred liberty!
But ah! what tongue, what language can relate
The woeful change, the sad reverse of fate?
A ruthless savage, deaf to ev'ry cry
Of pity, on them cast a longing eye.
Then from these scenes, where time, unnotic'd, fled,
They are, alas! by vile assassins led,
And, doom'd to death, oh! sad heart-rending thought,
Ere I am form'd, or to existence brought.
At length thro' nameless ills I'm brought to light,
And clad like innocence, in purest white;
Then to the world I my assistance lend,
And prove, ye fair, your guardian and your friend.
By me you see the road you ought to run;
By me the youth the paths of error shun;
By me the statesman sinks in airy dreams;
By me the thief performs his midnight schemes;
By me the poet racks his tortur'd brain:
By me the miser counts his darling gain;—
Yet fate pursues, nor can my deepest skill
Elude the blow, or mitigate the ill:
For I'm imprison'd like an abject slave,
And doom'd by tortures to the silent grave,
And if I shrink from my repeated woes,
A foul-mouth'd rascal tweaks me by the nose;
Yet I my foes bless with my latest breath,
And end my suff'rings in the arms of death.

See round the jocund board my first display'd,
Midst smiling maids in winning charms array'd;
My next aloft commands the rustic's eye,
For in my space he flores a fresh supply;
'Twas Delia's fair hand that form'd my whole,
And made me subject to her sweet controul.

Bleſſings ever wait on virtuous deeds;
And, tho' a late, a ſure reward ſucceeds.

Great minds, like heav'n, are pleaſed with doing good,
Tho' the ungrateful ſubjects of their favours
Are barren in return. Virtue does ſtill
With ſcorn the mercenary world regard,
Where abject ſouls do good, and hope reward:
Above the worthleſs trophies man can raiſe,
She ſeeks not honour, wealth, nor any praiſe,
But with herſelf, herſelf the Goddeſs pays.

MAY I presume in humble lays,
Elastic fair, your skill to praise?
While this grand maxim I advance,
That all the world is but a dance;
That human kinds, both man and woman,
Dance, is self-evident and common:
When Orpheus struck his lyre of old,
All Nature danc'd we have been told;
David himself, that god-like King,
Could dance, we know, as well as sing.
Folks, who at Court would keep their ground,
Must *dance attendance* the year round.
Whole nations dance: gay, frisking France
Has led the English many a dance;
And some believe, that France and Spain
Resolve to *take us out* again.
All Nature is one ball we find:
The weather dances to the wind;
The sea itself, at night and noon,
Rises and capers to the moon;
The moon around the earth does tread
A Cheshire round, yet ne'er looks red;
The earth and planets round the sun
Do dance; nor will their dance be done,
'Till Nature in one dance be blended;
Then one may say, "*The ball is ended.*"

Tho' faintly shines this winter's sun,
And short his visits be,
He warms my heart, for oft, I hope,
He shines on you and me.

The moon too, beauteous queen of night!
Enraptur'd still I see;
For sure I think her rays serene
Are seen by you and me.

And gaily burns our rural fire,
And happy should I be;
But cold's my heart,—there wants a charm—
It warms not you and me.

And fiercely blows this cold north wind,
For ruffian blasts has he;
But bitterer far that zephyr's breeze
Which parted you and me.

A TOWN of some note to an admiral join
By one crooked link of a letter between;
And without more ado, if I rightly opine,
The name of a statesman will quickly be seen.

Beauty's light lines my tiny footsteps trace,
And to your charms give harmony and grace.—
Yes, lovely nymphs, wave but your snow-white hand,
I rise,—I fly, to execute command:
O'er head and ears in love I act my part,
Conjoin and sep'rate thousands by my art,
Should foes assail, to topmost heights I rise,
And hurl them headlong down the yielding skies:
My task perform'd, I quit your warm embrace,
And to a sooty brother yield my place:
My contrast quite, for I in white appear,
Nor vary fash'ons with the varying year.—
Tho' I'm of polish'd parts, 'tis past dispute,
My parent was a most unwieldy brute.
My parent, did I say?—waft me once more,
Ye passing gales, back to my native shore,
Where blazing suns their potent beams unfold,
Impregnating the yellow sands with gold;
Where twice ten thousand aromatic flow'rs,
Perfume the air from groves and orange bow'rs:
Where the soft spice-kiss floats on zephyr's wing,
And opening buds sweet emanations fling.—
Delusion all,—the dream of bliss is o'er,
And I am, ladies, what I was before,
Your servant ever;—to your persons true,
So, till to-morrow's sun,—adieu! adieu!

A METHOD pursu'd for to form wood for use,
And something which wonderful matters produce,
With a part of a beast, when preserved, will tell
The right way a village in Suffolk to spell.

Himley Staffordshire. —Seat of Lord Visct Dudley & Ward.

SONNET TO A FLOCK OF SHEEP.

SYMBOLS of innocence! in safety pass,
No one shall harm ye, or molest ye here;
Come then, and crop the spiry blades of grass,
Moist with the falling of the morning tear.—
When ev'ning breezes fan the dusky pine,
I'll see ye penn'd, then homeward trace my way;
And on my couch my wearied limbs recline,
'Till o'er yon mountain gleam th' orient day.—
From ye, I'll learn the flow'ry path of peace,
And love my brethren as ye love your kind;
So will sweet calmness in my breast increase,
And soothe each passion that disturbs my mind.
Thus, Nature-taught, I surely shall enjoy
Those purest pleasures, which will never cloy.

In me behold creation's brighteſt child,
In glorious pomp and majeſty array'd;
Nature when firſt ſhe ſaw me joyous ſmil'd,
Exulting in the work herſelf had made.

I chas'd old chaos from his native home,
I pierc'd the pathleſs realms of gloom and ſhade;
Almoſt, like thought, the ſpacious world I roam,
And ev'ry corner of the earth pervade.

I to mankind the works of God diſplay,
From huge balæna to the puny mite;
The glow-worm's taper, and the ſun's bright ray,
The lucid ſoftneſs of the ſtar of night.

Beauty unleſs for me would want her charm;
I cheer the captive in his lowly cell,
I free the child of terror from alarm,
And empty phantoms of the night diſpel.

The feather'd choir join in ſongs of praiſe,
When firſt my preſence joins the leafy grove,
With grateful joy their tuneful matins raiſe,
Save birds obſcene that love midſt ſhades to rove.

E'en vegetation owns my pow'r divine;
Thro' me ſhe ſmiles with tints of varying hue;
To meet me, ſtraight aſcends the tow'ring pine,
Striving in height his fellows to outdo.

I dart the ocean's mountain waves beneath;
I with the comet roam empyreal ſpace;
I form the bow of heaven, and I wreath
Bright buds of beauty with ſoft tints of grace.

Without my firſt yon dazzling orbs of light,
Had been for ever hid from Newton's ſight;
The tortur'd ſlave my ſecond juſtly fears,
And its dread name ſounds harſhly in his ears;
My whole, Diarians, is by you poſſeſs'd
For right before your eyes I ſtand confeſs'd.

My firſt is what I'd wish to do this night,
My ſecond what I'd wish my wife to be,
My whole is ladies, if I judge it right,
What lovers are when they are on their knee.

Drawn by C. Tomkins. Engd by Barenger

Henham Hall, Suffolk, the Seat of Lord Rous.

Concentred in one form by nature,
We brethren five are found together,
And yet such apathy each other
Does guide, no one will aid another.
Thus in the storm and driving show'r,
'Tis one alone must feel its pow'r;
Or when the rattling thunders roll,
Or lightning daunts the timid soul,
One, as before, must bear the crash,
And only one will see the flash;
Or are we bidden to a feast,
One still for all the rest will taste;
But while it pleas'd enjoys the flavour,
Another may partake the savour.
Ingenious ladies, now tell me,
What can this mystic puzzle be.

MODERN SONNET,

TO AN OLD WIG.

HAIL thou! who lieft so snug in this old box;
With sacred awe I bend before thy shrine!
Oh! 'tis not clos'd with glue, nor nails, nor locks,
And hence the bliss of viewing thee is mine.
Like my poor aunt, thou hast seen better days!
Well curl'd and powder'd, once it was thy lot
Balls to frequent, and masquerades, and plays,
And panoramas, and the lord knows what!
Oh! thou hast heard e'en Madame Mara sing,
And oft-times visited my Lord Mayor's treat;
And once, at Court, was noticed by the King,
Thy form was so commodious, and so neat.
Alas! what art thou now? a mere old mop!
With which our housemaid Nan, who hates a broom,
Dusts all the chambers in my little shop,
Then slily hides thee in this lumber-room!
Such is the fate of *wigs!* and *mortals* too!
After a few more years than thine are past,
The Turk, the Christian, Pagan, and the Jew,
Must all be shut up in a *box* at last!

Vain *Man!* to talk so loud, and look so big!
How small's the difference betwixt thee and a wig!
How small indeed! for, speak the truth I must,
Wigs turn to *dusters*, and *man* turns to *dust*.

IF I can plant, with ſeventeen trees,
Twice fourteen rows, in each row three;
A friend of mine I then ſhall pleaſe,
Who ſays he'll give them all to me.

MY *firſt* the miſer's will does ſerve;
My *ſecond* does his back preſerve;
My *whole*, dear ladies, you will find,
Is both to truth and reaſon blind!
Beware his preſence; for ſhould you
Conſent, he gives you time to rue!

Ye ladies fair, say what am I,
Distinguish'd by my crimson dye.
Most likely 'tis I took my rise
From mother Eve in Paradise.
She, tasting the forbidden tree,
Gave birth to Shame, and Shame bore me.
Yet I from diff'rent causes rise,
Seize innocence by quick surprise,
And tender souls I oft unhinge,
But shameless wretches seldom tinge.
The pink, the tulip, nor the rose,
Can a more lovely hue disclose.
The fairest nymph upon the plain
To put me on need not disdain.
The bards in metaphors adorn,
With me, the rose and rising morn.
I glowing rise, but short's my stay,
For instantly I fade away.
Now, fairest ladies, I suppose
You'll from these hints my name disclose.

CRUSH'D by oppression's weight, thou shalt confess,
The woes I feel my fury can't express;
Straggling and choak'd, how can I but detest
The tyrant's gripe, who would my soul molest:
E'en in that moment forc'd to jig it light,
Tho' beaten—wounded—dance with all my might.

I'M a thing which too often occasions alarm,
But if known when I'm seen, I more frequently charm;
To a bush I stick fast, for fear of a fall;
At midnight I'm bright as a beau at a ball:
My brethren and I could enlighten the stage,
Allowing full scope for the actors to rage;
Of my kindred you'll find some in every state,
Who in gloom, or in splendour, submit to their fate.

ODE TO A REDBREAST.

Sweet bird, whose melting lay
Deceives the wintry day,
Come to my cot, while now the orient beams
O'er hills of purpled snow
See faint the radiance glow,
And fleeting shadows brush yon iced stream!

Approach, devoid of fear;
No cruel heart is here:
On thee shall Pity lift her glist'ning eye—
Amid yon leafless grove,
Dejected dost thou rove,
And shiver with a solitary sigh?

O fly the dreary shade,
Which fatal snares invade!
There, there the truant school-boy bends his way:
No sympathy he feels,
But death around him deals,
Wild as the hawk that pounces on his prey.

Yes—tho' the morning rise
O'er azure-vaulted skies,
With a pale lustre shines the frosty sun:
For thee my cheerful fire
Shall genial warmth inspire;
Here lurks no springe, nor roars the murd'rous gun.

My hospitable board
Shall grateful food afford:
Lo, cold and hunger at a distance dwell!
Then listen to my strain—
Come, peck this scatter'd grain,
These dainty crumbs, nor dread my sylvan cell.

What time, to greet the year,
As vernal blooms appear,
Thy brother warblers wake their choral lays;
Go, pour thy little throat,
Go, mix thy tender note,
With each sweet song of tributary praise!

THOUGH choice as the day,
Some throw me away,
And others to waste me intime;
But, in pity to me,
'Tis the fair one's decree;
T' improve me, your readers should join.

THE SHIP-WRECK'D SEA BOY.

'TIS night all around me the chill blast is howling,
The harsh screaming sea bird now scar'd hovers nigh,
The voice of great heav'n in loud thunder is rolling,
Alas! not for shelter, or rest can I fly!
I mark by the light'ning's blue gleam, the wreck floating,
Of her that long triumph'd o'er each threat'ning wave,
I alone to this rock 'scrap'd the merciless ocean,
While comrades more blest, found a watery grave.

More blest, 'tis not so—if unpitied I perish,
To me some few hours for reflection are giv'n,
A hope for the grey dawn of morning I'll cherish,
We ne'er should arraign the decrees of just heav'n!
How hush'd seems the tempest, yon beauteous moon rising,
I'll gaze on awhile my sunk spirits to cheer—
That sound, was it human! again hark! 'tis coming,—
Ah! no—'tis the half famish'd wolf that I hear.
My father grown old, my affectionate mother,
You'll look for poor Henry, but long look in vain,
My sister, how lovely, my helpless young brother,
Ne'er, ne'er will you share my caresses again!
With you the long day will be spent in deep mourning:
The bones of the sea boy must bleach on the shore!
Now dim grows my sight! oh! my fever'd brain's burning!
I come welcome death! all my sorrows are o'er.

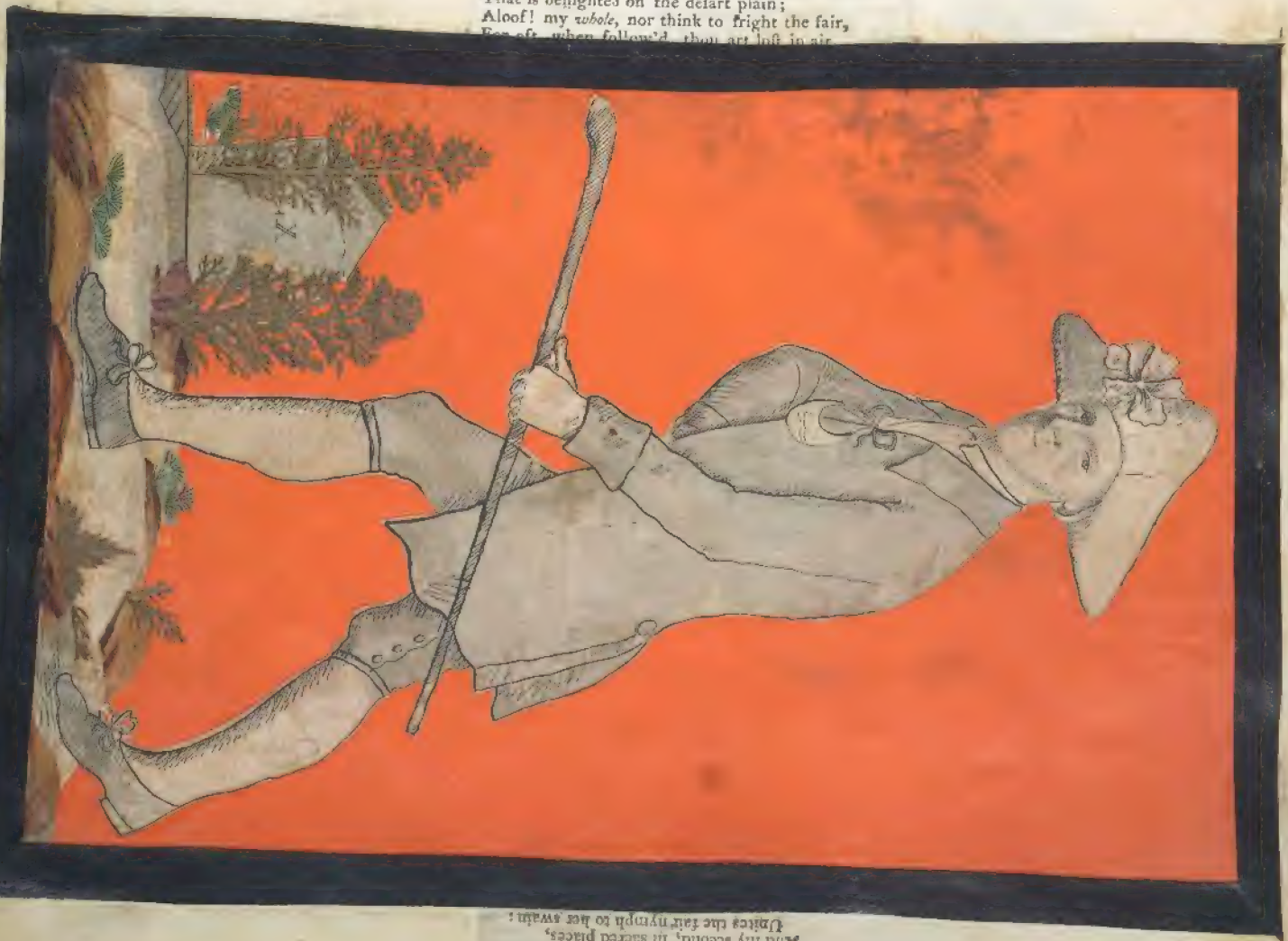
. . . . . .

WHAT all men seek, but fewer find,
An insect of the industrious kind;
What every one should strive to do;
A man that's fear'd by me and you;

TWO-sevenths of a ghost, and one third of a tree,
And half, what in harvest with reapers we see;
Names a thing with the skilful that numbers does save:
But by misapplication sends more to their grave.

OFFENSIVE *fop*, may thou ne'er touch the breast
Of my lov'd nymph, when she is sunk in rest;
Ferocious *wasp*, may thou ne'er fright the swain

OFFENSIVE *firſt*, may thou ne'er touch the breaſt
Of my lov'd nymph, when ſhe is ſunk in reſt;
Ferocious *next*, may thou ne'er fright the ſwain
That is benighted on the deſart plain;
Aloof! my *whole*, nor think to fright the fair,
For oft, when follow'd, thou art loſt in air.



My firſt my Eliza embraces—
When winter's ſtern breezes give pain:
And my ſecond, in ſacred places,
Unites the fair nymph to her ſwain.

I shall give you good scope for your fancy to range,
And all very true, tho' it seem very strange:
My figure is naught but a waist which divides,
And keeps at due distance two straight lanky sides.
But tho' simple in make, in my fortune I vary;
And few lots than mine are more mix'd and contrary.
I'm in honesty foremost 'tis very well known;
My title to holiness can't be o'erthrown.
'Mongst honours and riches my station I take,
But truth and humility never forsake;

WHEN the tempest rolls on high,
On the wings of wind I fly;
When the morning gilds the scene,
I am on the village green.
When the swains my haunt forsake,
Calm I glide along the lake;
Pain nor pleasure do I know,
But to man a friend or foe,

Oft I chase the lover's fears;
Oft dispel the poor man's cares:
Then, in turn, his peace destroy,
And embitter all his joy.
Prisoners wait from me their doom,
And their passport to the tomb.
In the palaces of kings
I am found with precious things;
Not unfrequent is my lot,
In the meanest subject's cot;
With the mariner I roam,
O'er the ocean far from home;
In the warrior's tent I stand,
And await his dread command;
When the blood of thousands flow,
And the flames of battle glow,
Changing with my shape my name,
Still my nature is the same.
To correction much I owe,
But as older, shorter grow:
Till stripp'd of all my honours gay,
I'm crippled, soil'd, and thrown away.

INNUMERABLE are my race,
And various are my charms;
Altho' no head, I have a face,
And hands, tho' void of arms.

My face is on my body plac'd,
And without feet I go;
With precious gems I oft am grac'd,
And make a brilliant shew.

Yet such misfortunes me attend,
As cannot be surpass'd;
I'm chain'd and tortur'd by my friend,
And into prison cast.

Quick motions thro' my bowels run,
Till oft they strain or crack;
From morning till the setting sun,
My guts are on the rack.

THE warlike engine name which throws
The fatal shell to distant foes,
Which, bursting as it falls to ground,
Spreads dire destruction wide around.
My first is known.

Next tell the short, but potent word,
Which in St. Stephen's chapel heard,
(Spite of the din of loud debate)
Settles the business of the state,
My second's shown.

And then you have an isle, which lies
Where Phœbus darts from Indian skies;
Painfully bright his burning beams,
(Till nature all to languish seems,)
Made by my whole.

A sterile spot, enrich'd by trade,
And sov'reign Britain's mighty aid;
For enterprize and knowledge still,
Can carry plenty where they will,
From pole to pole.

HARK! what sound salutes the ear,
Through the stillness of the night;
'Tis the hardy British tar,
My first repeating with delight:

My second is both rich and poor,
Will either frown or smile;
My whole is most industrious found,
The pride of Britain's isle.

TO CAPTAIN ALGERNON DISNEY,

OF THE FIRST REGIMENT OF LIFE GUARDS.

BEHOLD! where, breathing Love divine,
Our dying Master stands!
His weeping follow'rs gath'ring round,
Receive his last commands.

From that mild Teacher's parting lips
What tender accents fell!
The gentle precept which he gave
Became its Author well.

Blest is the man whose soft'ning heart
Feels all another's pain;
To whom the supplicating eye
Was never rais'd in vain.

Whose breast expands with gen'rous warmth
A stranger's woes to feel,
And bleeds in pity o'er the wound
He wants the power to heal.

He spreads his kind supporting arms
To ev'ry Child of Grief;
His secret bounty largely flows,
And brings unask'd relief.

To gentle offices of Love
His feet are never slow:
He views, thro' Mercy's melting eye,
A Brother in a Foe.

Peace from the bosom of his God,
My peace to him I give;
And when he kneels before the Throne
His trembling Soul shall live.

To him protection shall be shewn,
And mercy from above
Descend on those who thus fulfil
The perfect Law of Love.

MY lord going to London, the evening being dark ;
My first was pronounc'd by a well-mounted spark,
But my next slyly fled to a neighbouring farm,
Pro ur'd prompt relief by a well tim'd alarm.
Away rode the spark without causing more strife,
Lest my whole might endanger his freedom and life.

WHEN morning dawns, the shepherd leaves,
With health his peaceful cot,
He sees my first within the fold,
Surrounded by the flock.

His children fearing not my next,
With joy their father meet ;
When he returns at eventide,
His daily task complete ;

He sleeps secure, nor dreads the alarm
Of murd'ring cannons sound,
On which my whole will always be,
A close attendant found.

MY first an idle tale defines,
Therefore contemptuous reckon'd ;
In fashion's group at folly's shrine ;
See blustering comes my second.

My whole illuminates your ways,
When evening veils the skies ;
Its awful grandeur claims our praise,
In funeral obsequies.

JOHN made love to Kate,

John made love to Kate;
And kiss'd her once or twice,
But vixen Kate soon broke his pate,
For she was wond'rous nice.

John made love to Nan,
And gave her but one kiss;
Good-natur'd Nan kiss'd John again,
And cry'd—'Pray what is this?'

The Seat of Sir Robert Harland Bar.t at Wherstead near Ipswich, Suffolk.

IN my first we sometimes vouchsafe to sit; in my last we often delight to walk; but with reluctance we submit to lie in my whole

From times remote—but what can time avail?
Be useful worth the basis of the tale;
On that proud pillar let me take my stand,
From thence my fame, from thence respect command;
Nor beauteous shape, nor polish'd figure boast;
External beauty charms one sense at most.
For, know ye fair, tho' beauty please the eye,
Merit forbids that beauty e'er to die;
From thence our British maids derive their claim,
"And give to immortality a name."—
Drawn from the mine, of substance real, I prove
A metaphor in prudence and in love:
Should Strephon, favour'd youth, his tale impart
Of tender love, and charm your beating heart;
Should kindling passions fan the fond desire,
And equal love confess an equal fire,
Then, doubly then, my unreal merits prize,
Nor lose the guard where all your treasure lies!
Of matter made, tho' not like yours the same,
Far, far more lasting than the mortal frame;
Your fragile form the winter's cold destroys,
Not years of frost my harden'd frame annoys;
In piercing heat weak man his breath resigns,
The fire I brave, the furnace but refines;
From this my shape, my stubborn nature gain,
To pleasure dead, insensible to pain;
A lifeless engine, in the weakest hand,
Can proudest tow'rs and strongest forts command:
Possess'd of me, the nightly robbers spoil
The hard earn'd treasures of long years of toil:
Me once resign'd, the hapless city falls,
The conqueror plants his standard on the walls;
Tho' troops of heroes bleed—of no avail!
I force the way when thund'ring cannons fail.
But what are these?—mortality's vain boast,
The thrice crown'd conqueror and his bloody host,
The pest of ancient and of modern times,
High heaven's dread vengeance for a nation's crimes.—
When at the last dread day the mountains nod,
And nature shrinks before her coming God,
There, while the ethereal trumpets solemn sound,
Born by an angel's hand shall I be found;
Immortal then—a grand, an awful trust,
When all creation turns to primal dust!
While my dread guardians voice in thunders tell,
I lead the way to pierce profoundest hell!
Here let us pause, and contemplate the scene.
Are these the deeds of one that's weak and mean?
Yes—surely yes—I weak and mean appear,
And but ennobled by the trust I bear:
Till then I every art and science tend,
The wise man's blessing, and the good man's friend.
Then ladies, as I am before your eyes,
Use me with cunning, and obtain the prize.

COMPARE my second with my first,
You'll find that this is that revers'd;
Examine then my whole you'll see
I am, in fact, what cannot be:
Yet to the comfort am I known
Of almost every Suffolk clown.

DESCRIPTION OF A GRAVE,

In a Country Church-yard.

WHERE the long grafs obfcures yon briery grave,
And antique yews the r branches fadly wave,
A wretched female with the filent dead,
Unnotic'd, unlamented, refts her head:
No weeping friend is feen to deck her bier,
Or o'er her afhes fhed the tender tear;
But buried in the tomb's fad mould'ring heap,
Her forrows and her fate in filence fleep;
'Tis beauteous Jeffy's frail, neglected fhade,
Whofe pale form fwells the folitary glade;
Ah! hapiefs maid, I heard the ftill flow gale,
Which bore thy death-bell through the hollow vale,
When thy fad fpirit, freed from mifery's load,
In trembling expectation, fought its laft abode:
Though vice awhile obfcur'd thy rifing fame,
And ftamp'd with early infamy thy name,
Yet o'er thy grave, 'mid fober evening's fhade,
The muſe with pitying tear fhall fwell the glade,
And tell the villain's guilt, whofe perjur'd art
From virtue's path allur'd thy fimple heart;
When, without parents, in that early day
When youth moft needs a friend to guide our way;
Then, falfe to honour, truth, and promis'd love,
Left thee alone in life's wide courfe to rove.

I'm made a judge in doubtful ſtrife,
Between the jarring man and wife,
When he forſakes his ſphere;
If he invades the woman's right,
I interfere—tho' out of ſight,
And faſten on his rear!

Then, like a ſtreaming flag diſplay'd,
When men on women's rights invade,
A ſignal to expreſs;
I then expoſe ſuch men to ſhame,
Who ſhould be maſter, would be dame,
Their great officiouſneſs.

I've ſaid enough my name to tell,
And that cook Molly knows right well,
For I've with her been free;
Oft we have been ſeen hand in hand,
And in a corner often ſtand,
When we had liberty.

From heav'n I fall, though from earth I begin;
No lady alive can ſhew ſuch a ſkin.
I'm bright as an angel, and light as a feather;
But heavy and dark when you ſqueeze me together.
Tho' candour and truth in my aſpect I bear,
Yet many poor creatures I help to enſnare.
Tho' ſo much of heav'n appears in my make,
The foulest impreſſions I eaſily take.
My parent and I produce one another--
The mother the daughter,--the daughter the mother.

Begotten and born, and dying with noiſe;
The terror of woman, and pleaſure of boys.
Like the fictions of poets concerning the wind,
I'm chiefly unruly when ſtrongeſt confin'd.
For ſilver and gold I ne'er trouble my head,
But all I delight in are pieces of lead;
Except when I trade with a ſhip or a town,
Why then I make pieces of iron go down.
One property more I would have you remark;
No lady was ever more fond of a ſpark:
Whenever I get one, my ſoul's all on fire;
I roar out my joy, and in tranſports expire

ROTUND my first: for cooking us'd my last,
My whole uncook'd is of delicious taste.

A SONNET TO HOPE.

O Ever ſkill'd to wear the form we love,
To bid the ſhapes of fear and grief depart,
Come, gentle Hope! with one gay ſmile remove
The laſting ſadneſs of an aching heart.
Thy voice, benign Enchantreſs! let me hear;
Say that for me ſome pleaſures yet ſhall bloom,
That fancy's radiance, friendſhip's precious tear,
Shall ſoften, or ſhall chace, misfortune's gloom.
But come not glowing in the dazzling ray,
Which once with dear illuſions charm'd my eye!
O ſtrew no more, ſweet flatterer! on my way
The flow'rs I fondly thought too bright to die.
Viſions leſs fair will ſoothe my penſive breaſt,
That aſks not happineſs, but longs for reſt.

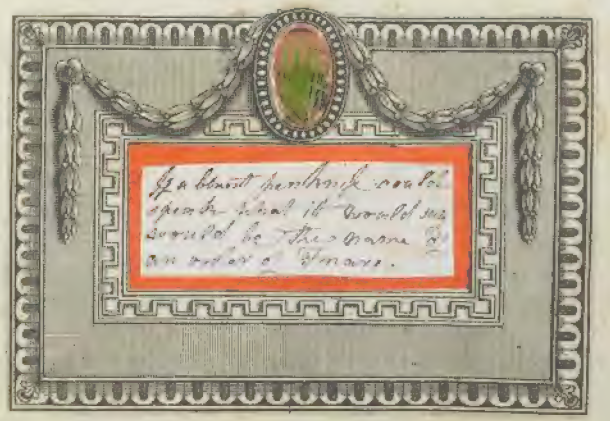
By something form'd, I nothing am;
Yet ev'ry thing that you can name.
In no place have I ever been;
Yet ev'ry where I may be seen.
In all things false, yet always true;
I'm still the same, but ever new.
Lifeless, life's perfect form I wear,
Can shew a nose, eye, tongue, or ear;
Yet neither smell, see, taste, or hear.
Swiftly I move, and enter where
Not e'en a chink can let in air.
Like thought, I'm in a moment gone;
Nor can I ever be alone.
All things on earth I imitate
Faster than nature can create.
Sometimes imperial robes I wear;
Anon in beggar's rags appear:
A giant now, and strait an elf:
I'm ev'ry one, but ne'er myself:
Ne'er sad, I mourn; ne'er glad, rejoice;
I move my lips, but want a voice.
I ne'er was born, nor e'er can die;
Then pr'ythee tell me, what am I?

Before a circle let appear
Twice twenty-five, and five in rear;
One-fifth of eight subjoin, and then
You'll quickly find what conquers men

When you and I together meet,
We make up six, in church or street;
When I and you do meet, once more,
Alas! poor we can make but four;
And last, when you from I are gone,
I make but solitary one.

My first oft hangs upon a lady's arm,
Yet gives a jealous husband no alarm;
My second doth the place of feet supply,
To those who neither walk, nor run, nor fly;
My third's the rival of each tempting toast,
But when its most caress'd it suffers most.

Hark! 'tis the awful knell of death I hear,
And sounds of sorrow only meet my ear;
From the deep drum all tones of joy are fled,
And its hoarse murmurs speak a Soldier dead.
No more from music's power can pleasure flow,
Its sacred strains now wake the soul to woe;
Those strains a cold and solemn chill impart,
And touch each chord of feeling in the heart.
See the proud steed, that courage can restrain,
Or onward press amidst the warlike train,
Now clothed in trappings of despair and gloom,
Led in the sad procession to the tomb.
Useless, alas! the rein that curb'd his force,
And vain the spur that urg'd his rapid course;
For cold in death is now the master's hand,
That o'er his daring spirit held command.
Friendship, Respect, and Love, are mourners here,
And War's dread emblems now reversed appear;
'Tis right in scenes like these all thoughts should cease
But those which speak of pure unfading peace.
Now do we sorrowing turn to private life,
Where weep the orphan'd babes, the widow'd wife;
But here description feels her powers must fail,
And o'er their anguish draws the Grecian veil.
For them, as Sympathy's soft sorrows flow,
May kindness every soothing aid bestow;
Whilst all the good, the gentle and the brave,
Bedew with Pity's tears a Soldier's grave.



Bright and gloomy is my first,
Emblem of the fate of man;
Thousands of my second were
Created, when my first began:
One will in my third appear,
Who's born and dies within the year.

My first for trembling oft is nam'd,
My second in the battle fam'd;
Both these, my lovely guesser, join;
They point the poet most divine.

Why is a Man who falls in love like ever
to descr like a book which falls ex

BLAIZE CASTLE in the Grounds of J.J. Harford Esq.r near Bristol

An Address to my Pen.

Thou dear companion of each lonely hour,
Well pleas'd I view thee, and confess thy pow'r:
Now Phœbus faintly gilds the faded plains,
And hollow winds are fraught with chilling rains.
The yellow groves their falling verdure mourn,
And cavern'd rocks, and dales, their sighs return.
The feather'd songsters seek the closest shade,
Nor, with soft music, chear the lonely glade.
A melancholy gloom involves the skies,
All nature mourns, each rural beauty dies.
Yet, in these dismal hours, thy aid can form
A vernal landscape which defies the storm:
Beneath thy stroke the vegetative race
In fair succession rise, with lasting grace.
With magic pow'r thou bid'st the tender fawn
Crop the fresh beds, and wanton o'er the lawn.
Sad Philomela, with melodious airs,
In dark December, soothes the Lovers cares:
The groves resound, and on the smiling plains
Herds, flocks, and shepherds, join their artless strains
Touch'd by a Poet's hand, entranc'd we hear
Extatic sounds; Spring's gayest scenes appear.
When Thenor grieves, what nymph but heaves a sigh!
When Léya smiles, joy beams from ev'ry eye.
With thee, when night extends his awful reign,
And restless shadows haunt the dreary plain,
While youths and virgins lead the mazy round,
And raptur'd melt the music's soothing sounds,
Alone I sit, and string my rural lyre
To strains which love and innocence inspire.
When storms descend, and raging waters roll,
To intercept the *friend* that shares my soul;
My kindest, truest, thoughts, thou can'st impart,
Display the inmost wishes of my heart:
To distant realms tranlmit the tender sigh,
Call sympathizing sorrow from the eye;
Impart the jocund thought, the chearful tale,
O'er gloomy skies, and sullen spleen, prevail.
When anxious care involves my aching breast,
With thee I soothe each troubl'd thought to rest.
In fancy's painted fields, with pleasure rove,
Or gayly revel, in some fairy grove;
In spite of frost, the bubbling fountains rise,
And ink the absence of the stream supplies.

Acroſtic on

M any a love-lorn ſwain has ſigh'd,
I n love's ſoft maze, on Orwell's ſide;
S weet Maid! full many an eye for you,
S hed uncontrou'd the lovers dew.
C onſcious of thy ſoft matchleſs power,
A ll envious ſtrove to pleaſe an hour;
R ich was the look which you beſtow'd,
T hink then how deep your frowns muſt goad!
W hene'er you ſmil'd, an Angel's grace
R eſplendent ſhone around your face;
I n roſy dimples love did ſit,
G ave joy full ſcope and keeneſt wit;
H appy the eyes that ever rove
T o your ſweet charms and meet your love.

The Soldier's Prayer in the Field of Battle.

God of my Fathers! guide my way
Amidst the Battle's fierce alarms;
Grant me to see, this dreadful day,
The triumph of my Country's arms.
Yet not my will but Thine be done:
If thy High Wisdom doom my fall,
Tho' short the race of life I've run,
I die content at Duty's call.
Then if Thy Grace my pray'r accord,
The expressions of my parting breath,
Grateful, I'll bless thy goodness, Lord!
And smile amid the pangs of death.
May my trangressions of Thy will
Find mercy thro' my Saviour's name:
May my lov'd Country, freed from ill,
Long flourish in unbounded fame!

I AM a cheerful fellow, altho' a marry'd man,
And in this age of folly pursue a saving plan,
Tho' wives are thought expensive, yet who
can live alone?
Then since they're dear creatures, 'tis best to
have but one.
My choice discovers clearly my prudence and
my taste;
I've a very little wife with a very little waste.

Marriage is a draft we take for better or for
worse,
And wise is he who can prevent the drafts
upon his purse;
But evils are much lessen'd, when wives are
well inclin'd,
For though they come across us, they shape
them to our mind.
If matters are well manag'd, no need to be
straight lac'd,
You may with little danger increase the little
waste.

Tho' spousy's so discreet, still each fashion
she'll display,
Her bosom, heaven bless her, is as open as
the day,
Her garment, may I venture a simile to beg,
Hangs looscly from her shoulder like a gown
upon a peg;
Yet fearful of expences, she shortens them
tho' small,
And if she goes on short'ning—there'll be no
waste at all.

On a Kiss —

Humid seal of soft affections,
Tend'rest pledge of future bliss,
Dearest Tie of young connections,
Love's first snowdrop — Virgin Kiss.

2d

Speaking silence, dumb Confession,
Passion's birth, & Infants bliss,
Dove like fondness, chaste Concession,
Glowing dawn of brighter Day.

3d

Sorrowing Joy, Adieus last action
When lingering lips no more must join,
What words can ever speak Affection
So thrilling, so sincere as thine —.

On Contentment.

By Lady Manners.

Contentment, rosy, dimpled fair,
Thou brightest daughter of the sky,
Why dost thou to the hut repair,
And from the gilded palace fly?
I've trac'd thee on the peasant's cheek,
I've mark'd thee in the milk-maid's smile,
I've heard thee loudly laugh and speak
Amid the sons of Want and Toil.
Yet in the circles of the Great,
Where Fortune's gifts are all combin'd,
I've sought thee early, sought thee late,
And ne'er thy lovely form could find.
Since then from Wealth and Pomp ye flee,
I talk but Competence and Thee.

On the Death of Master GEORGE BETTS,
Son of the Rev. G. BETTS, Wortham.

Stat fua cuique dies; breve et irreparabile tempus
Omnibus eſt vitæ.

O cruel Fate! O Deſtiny unkind!
What ſorrows doſt thou cauſe to human kind;
What griefs, what pangs, thou doſt prepare for man,
During his ſhort and oft unhappy ſpan.
In George was youth and every grace combin'd,
A ready wit, and excellence of mind;
A heart that yielded to kind friendſhip's call,
And temper guided by good will to all.
Death's cruel ſcourge diſpatch'd him to the grave,
When in the ſtream he tried the wat'ry wave;
And quickly ſent him from the realms of light
Into the dark and gloomy ſhades of night.
No ſigh, no groan, his diſtant parents heard—
No, not the whiſpering of a ſingle word;
But in the deep were all his ſorrows drown'd,
And his pale corpſe extended on the ground.
Not youth, not innocence, that life could ſpare,
Nor yet that mind, where all the graces were;
When Fate—inexorable Fate drew nigh,
To wound his friends with many a painful ſigh.
But Guardian Angels took his ſoul away,
Nor ſuffer'd it to mix with mortal clay;
And ſwiftly wing'd it to the ætherial air,
No more the ſorrows of this world to bear.

Epitaph by Mr. David Rees.

Sacred to the immortal memory of
WILLIAM MURRAY, Earl of Mansfield,
Late Lord Chief Justice of England:
Who, during a course of 30 years and upwards,
not only discharged the duties of that high office
with unexampled assiduity,
and unquestionable reputation,
but happily uniting the wisdom of Socrates,
the eloquence of Cicero, the harmony of Virgil,
and the wit and pleasantries of Horace,
with the beauties of his own unbounded genius,
became, and was confessedly,
the brightest ornament of human nature
that any age or country has hitherto
been able to boast of.
The venerable Peer
having passed the age of fourscore,
and finding his corporeal powers too feeble
much longer to display his wonderful talents
with their wonted energy,
withdrew himself from the Bench;
and, willing to appear with those talents
undiminished at the throne of his Divine Creator,
by whom he had been so peculiarly and
abundantly endued,
shook off the clog of mortality in his 89th year:
And, as an eagle, wing'd his airy flight,
Thro' death's pale shade and all surrounding night,
Up to the happy realms of everlasting light:
Where, welcom'd by the social pow'rs Divine,
Freely with them he drinks celestial wine;
While here Philosophy remains to mourn
Her Fav'rite fled, fled never to return,
Until his God shall at the Judgment Day,
With his bright soul reanimate his clay,
And both with him to dwell, from hence to Heav'n,
convey.

HAGLEY, Worcestershire
SEAT of the Rt. Hon. LORD LITTLETON

1

I am in my nature as free'd as Decree
Resolved as Fate to live happy and free
With the Cares of the World I never am vex'd
I'm sometimes uneasy but never perplex'd
I'm neither so high nor so low in Degree
That Ambition & Want are both Strangers to me

2.

When money comes in I live well till it's gone
I'm happy to have it, contented with none
If I loose it at gaming, I count it but Lent
If I spend it gentilely I never repent
With mirth & my Labour the sweet Hours pass
And on Saturday Night, I am just as I was.

3

My Life is a compound of Freedom & Ease
I go when I will and I come when I please.
I live below envy, and yet above Strife
I have Judgement enough to do myself right
Some higher, some lower I own there may be
But there more that live worse than I live better than me.

THE TEAR.

Oh! that the chymist's magic art
Could crystallize this sacred treasure!
Long should it glitter near my heart,
A secret source of pensive pleasure.

The little brilliant, ere it fell,
It's lustre caught from Chloe's eye;
Then, trembling, left it's coral cell—
The spring of sensibility!

Sweet drop of pure and pearly light!
In thee, the rays of virtue shine
More calmly clear, more mildly bright,
Than any gem that gilds the mine.

Benign restorer of the soul!
Who ever fly'st to bring relief,
When first she feels the rude controul
Of love or pity, joy or grief.

The sage's and the poet's theme,
In every clime, in every age;
Thou charm'st in Fancy's idle dream,
In Reason's philosophic page.

That very law* which moulds a tear,
And bids it trickle from it's source,
That law preserves the earth a sphere,
And guides the planets in their course.

HYMEN *to* ELIZA.

By Lord LYTTELTON.

MADAM, before your feet I lay
This ode upon your wedding day,
The firſt indeed I ever made,
For writing odes is not my trade:
My head is full of houſhold cares,
And neceſſary dull affairs;
Beſides that ſometimes jealous frumps
Will put me into doleful dumps.
And then no clown beneath the ſky
Was ere more ungallant than I;
For you alone I now think fit
To turn a poet and a wit——
For you whoſe charms, I know not how,
Have power to ſmooth my wrinkled brow,
And make me, though by nature ſtupid,
As briſk, and as alert, as Cupid.
Theſe obligations to repay,
When e'er your happy nuptial day
Shall with the circling years return,
For you my torch ſhall brighter burn;
Than when you firſt my pow'r ador'd;
Nor will I call myſelf your lord,
But am (as witneſs this my hand)
Your humble ſervant at command,

HYMEN.

Dear child, let Hymen not beguile
You, who are ſuch a judge of ſtyle,
To think that he theſe verſes made,
Without an abler penman's aid;
Obſerve them well, you'll plainly ſee,
That every line was writ by me,

CUPID.

THE PEBBLE.

WALKING on the ſandy beach,
Lowly laid within my reach
A Pebble caught my eye ;
Clinging to its native bed,
Quick I rais'd its cruſted head,
And ſafely put it by ;

Little did the captive know
What it was to undergo
Before it roſe to note ;
How the lapidary's wheel,
Fraught with inſtruments of ſteel,
Muſt ſtrip it of its coat ;

All its cuts and grindings paſt,
Poliſh'd bright and ſmooth at laſt,
In dazzling luſtre dreſs'd ;
See it paid for all its pains,
Delia views its beauteous veins,
And claſps it to her breaſt !

Recal thy wandring thoughts, and make them dwell
In the ſmall limits of their native cell.
To thine own heart confine thy chiefeſt care,
For Mira, know, thy joys are planted there:
And as you manage and improve the ſoil,
'Twill puniſh your neglect, or pay your toil;
Here let your views and your ambition reſt,
To reign the queen of a well-govern'd breaſt,
This point ſecur'd, let heav'n diſpoſe the reſt.
Yet you may aſk for what your ſtate requires,
But not the gewgaws your caprice deſires:
As thus, 'O keep me from the reach of pain,
'From meagre famine, and her mournful train:
'Let not reproach aſſault my wounded ears,
'Nor let my ſoul behold a friend in tears:
'Secure from noiſe, let my ſtill moments run,
'And ſtill be chearful as the riſing ſun:
'Or if a gloom my trembling heart invades,
'Ah! may it vaniſh with the nightly ſhades
'Thro' the craz'd walls: O may not reaſon fly,
'But if it does, then let its manſion die:
'Let not remorſe, of guilt the certain pay,
'Blot my clear ſun, nor ſtain its parting ray:
'Give me a lively but a guiltleſs mind,
'A body healthful, and a ſoul reſign'd.'
Thus far, O Mira, thou mayſt aſk of heav'n,
How bleſs'd the mortal to whom theſe are giv'n!

The HOTTENTOT BOY

Who drowned himself at the Nore, under the idea of going back to his Parents.

Soon as death's gloomy terrors I've brav'd,
To my dear native land I shall haste;
And tho' now I'm by Christians enslav'd,
Of liberty's sweets I shall taste;
What delight those dear scenes will inspire!
Delight, that shall know no alloy!
And O, with what joy will my sire
Welcome back his lost Hottentot boy.
Kind master, think not, tho' I leave you,
My heart to your favours unjust;
Did Hottentot boy e'er deceive you?
Or make you repent of your trust?
Some delight a slave's feelings to wound;
Mine to sooth has oft been your employ;
And ingratitude ne'er shall be found
In the breast of poor Hottentot boy.
Yet who, that like me is a slave,
In a far distant country unknown,
But the kindest of masters would leave,
And die--to return to his own?
I come! by Death's horrors unmov'd!
I die! with what transports of joy!
Friends, countrymen, parents belov'd,
Receive back your Hottentot boy.
He said—and plung'd deep in the main,
The crew soon to succour him try'd;
Regarding their aid with disdain,
And smiling serenely—he dy'd.
You, whose bosoms sweet pity can know
For the slave, basely torn from each joy,
O do not disdain to bestow
A tear on the Hottentot boy.

My first is a place where no promises bind,
My second is toss'd to and fro by the wind;
My whole, if sincere, is the acme of bliss,
And vies (Cynics say) with the conjugal kiss.

My first the seat of life is deem'd,
My second you most likely love;
But if perchance my whole is fled,
You then must seek it from above.

WANSTEAD HOUSE, ESSEX, the SEAT of the HON^ble W.L.P. WELLESLEY.

My first is follow'd in gay fashion's round,
By ev'ry Beau and Belle throughout the nation;
My next upon your eye is sometimes found,
Tho' each farm-yard is its peculiar station;
My whole gives dignity to form and face,
To female beauty an attractive grace. NOBODY.

A STRING OF SIMILIES ON A SWALLOW.

'Tis like the soul; 'tis like a friend;
Like bliss, our being's aim and end;
Like life, and wealth, and blindness too;—
But most of all 'tis like to you.

A swallow like the soul, I say—
For why?—its tenement is clay;
And life—that busy, bustling thing—
Life, like the bird, is on the wing.
Riches 'tis like; for surely they
Make themselves wings, and fly away:
When flatt'rers fawn, to gain their ends,
What are they but fair weather friends?
The blind—the proverb tells you why—
'Tis said, "the blind eat many a fly."
For happiness, 'twere easy, now,
To find a rhime and reason too;
But spare the Muse one honest line,
To paint the lot she wishes thine.
Mere shadowy forms may please a while;
Pleasures may court, and pomp beguile;
But lasting bliss, search where you will,
Builds in the chimney-corner still.
All this, they'll say, is very true;—
But how like ————?—how like you?
Can she who loves the rural cell,
In soot and smoke delight to dwell?—
Peace with your queries, friend:—I trust
The likeness still you'll own is just.
In that sweet month, when Nature's hand
Perfumes the air, and paints the land;
When ling'ring blights our hopes betray,
And winter checks the pride of May;
Let but the swallow tribe appear,
And summer instant follows there.
So when dark clouds deform the sky,
Who minds the clouds, when ————'s by?
The wintry blast unheeded blows,
And summer smiles where'er she goes.

A Comparative View of the different Ages common to several of the Animal Creation.

The Partridge, Peacock, Swine, and Turtle Dove,
Twenty-five years on earth may chance to move;
Hares, Cats, and Sheep, live seldom more than ten;
Rams, Bulls, and Dogs, live half as long again,
The Ox (a curious fact) and Horse a score,
A Goat and Pigeon eight, but seldom more.
The Ass till thirty, and a Goose with Men
Spins out a term of threescore years and ten;
While the hoarse Raven and the Eagle soar
O'er beauteous scenes one hundred years or more!

Lo! where the rosy-bosom'd Hours,
Fair Venus' train appear,
Disclose the long expecting Flowers,
And wake the purple year.
The attic warbler pours her throat,
Responsive to the Cuckoo's note,
The untaught harmony of Spring:
While whispering pleasure as they fly,
Cool Zephyrs thro' the clear blue sky,
Their gather'd fragrance fling.

Can Music's voice, can Beauty's eye
Can Painting's glowing hand, supply
Ought half so sweet to my mind.
As does this hollow gust of wind
As does this little weeping rill
Soft trickling down this moss grown hill
While thro' the East where sinks the Sun
And Twilight slowly o'er the Landscape runs
Each varied hue in softer harmony grey

CUPID AMONG THE BACHELORS.

AT a Bachelor's Feast Tom Monk was presiding,
Now at wedlock rude jeering, then Cupid deriding,
When down flew the god from above.
Soon the bumpers are fill'd, and the glasses all jingle,
Cries Tom here's a health to the man who lives single.
So the claret they quaff,
And at Cupid they laugh,
And each bids defiance to women and love.

Sorely vex'd that the topers his power should despise,
Off to Bacchus indignant the God of Love flies,
Their conduct then straightway exposes;
When the jolly god hears of his vot'ries defiance,
He consents with sly Cupid to form an alliance.
So the grape juice they quaff,
And at Bachelors laugh,
While Bacchus this scheme of revenge then proposes.

Make 'em fev'rish in love and soon you will see,
To cool their scorch'd hearts each to drinking will flee,
Which will only add fuel to fire;
So in love they will drink, and wine in return,
Make the flame in their bosoms more ardently burn.
So as bumpers they quaff,
And at you while they laugh,
My magical wine will the passions inspire.

Quite charm'd with the scheme back the god of love flew,
And wounded each heart of the love-hating crew;
His shafts not a man of them parried,
And love instant kind'ling tormented each heart,
While the wine 'stead of easing augmented the smart.
And as bumpers they quaff'd,
Cupid wink'd and he laugh'd,
For to cure 'em, next week ev'ry soul of 'em married.

MUCH like a snake my slender body moves,
And, winding still, in diff'rent bodies roves,
To a high place it climbs by narrow ways,
And skips from right to left, yet never strays.
In narrow bounds I hold half human kind,
Imprison queens, yet ne'er was thought unkind,
In holes I sneak when Phœbus spreads his light,
But leave 'em when his absence brings on night.

A WORD of one syllable easy and short,
Read backwards and forwards the same,
It expresses the sentiments warm from the heart,
And to beauty lays principal claim.

SO exalted am I in the character of my first, that I have trampled on the pride of Kings, and the greatest Potentates have bowed down to embrace me, yet the dirtiest kennel in the dirtiest street, is not too foul to have me for its inmate.

In my second, what infinite variety! I am rich as the eastern nabob, yet poor as the weeping object of your benevolence; I am mild and gentle as the spring, yet savage and cruel as the wintry blast; I am young, beautiful and happy, yet old, deformed, and wretched; 'tis from the highest authority I dare pronounce myself your superior, yet few instances are there to prove it, and many are the proofs against it.

LINES,

BY MRS. ANNE HUNTER.

WHILE I behold the moon's pale beam,
Her light perhaps reflects on thee,
As wandering near the silver stream,
Thy sad remembrance turns to me.

Ah, to forget! the wish were vain,
Our souls were form'd thus fond to be,
No more I'll murmur and complain,
For thou, my love, wilt think on me.

Silent and sad, I take my way,
As fortune deigns my bark to steer,
Of hope a faint and distant ray,
Our far divided days shall cheer.

Ah! to return to meet again,
Dear blissful thought! with love and thee!
No more I murmur and complain,
For thou, my love, wilt think on me.

The VINEYARD
Mr. POWELL'S near HEREFORD

AFTON WATER.

BY ROBERT BURNS.

FLOW gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes!
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise:
My Mary's asleep by the murmuring stream;
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

Thou stock-dove, whose echo resounds through the glen,
Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den,
Thou green-crested lapwing thy screaming forbear,
I charge you disturb not my slumbering fair.

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighbouring hills,
Far mark'd with the courses of clear winding rills;
There daily I wander, as noon rises high,
My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.

How pleasant thy banks, and green vallies below,
Where wild in the woodlands thy primroses blow;
There oft, as mild evening weeps over the lea,
The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary and me.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides:
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
As gath'ring sweet flowrets she stems the clear wave.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays,
My Mary's asleep by the murmuring stream;
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

ONE KISS OLD GIRL.

ONE kiss old girl for many a year,
Together we have journey'd on,
Disturb'd by no one guilty fear,
E'er since I woo'd and you was won,
Yes good old dame I own my joys,
And thank thee for a happy life,
With bliss I view my girls and boys,
With bliss I view my faithful wife.

And see our latter years to bless
To stop the progress of decay,
Our children's children round us press,
And cheer us with their guileless play;
Tall like the pine when one I view,
Another like the rose in mien,
I think myself an oak—and you
Dear good old girl an evergreen.

Drinking—An Ancient Fragment

Three cups of wine a prudent man may take
The first of these for constitution's sake;
The second to the girl he loves the best,
The third and last to lull him to his rest,
Then home to bed: but, if a fourth he pours,
That is the cup of folly, and not ours,
Loud noisy talking on the fifth attends;
The sixth breeds feuds, and falling out of friends;
Seven beget blows and faces stain'd with gore,
Eight, and the watch patrole breaks ope the door;
Mad with the ninth, another cup goes round,
And the swill'd sot drops senseless on the ground.

Home.

Cling to thy home! If there the meanest shed
Yield thee a hearth, and shelter for thy head,
And some poor plot, with vegetables stored,
Be all that heaven allots thee for thy board,
Unsavory bread, and herbs that scatter'd grow,
Wild on the river-brink or mountain brow,
Yet e'en this cheerless mansion shall provide
More heart's repose than all the world beside.

Song from a Selection of Irish Melodies.
By T. Moore, Esq.

Oh! had we some bright little Isle of our own,
In a blue summer ocean, far off and alone;
Where a leaf never dies in the still blooming bowers,
And the bee banquets on through a whole year of flowers,
Where the Sun loves to pause
With so fond a delay,
That the night only draws
A thin veil o'er the day;
Where simply to feel that we breathe—that we live,
Is worth the best joy that life elsewhere can give!

There with souls ever ardent, and pure as the clime,
We should love, as they loved in the first golden time;
The glow of the sunshine, the balm of the air,
Would steal to our hearts and make all summer there;
With affection, as free
From decline as the bowers;
And with hope like the bee,
Living always on flowers;
Our life should resemble a long day of light,
And our death come on holy and calm as the night.

BELMONT, near Hereford.
Seat of John Matthews, Esq.

MISERIES of a HOT DAY and a HOT NIGHT.

What a plague's a Summer breakfast?
Eat whate'er you will,
Muffin's but a greasy thing,
And toast is greasier still.

Then how to pass your time away
Till dinner; there's the doubt,
You're hot if sitting in the house,
But hotter if you're out.

Now dinner comes, God bless us all!
With roast, with boil'd and stew,
You're hot before you eat,
And hotter when you do.

When dinner's done, come fruits and creams:
Sure they can ne'er be heating;
Yes sure, he must be hot who eats
Just after he's been eating.

Then, after dinner where to go,
No knowing where to rove;
The Gentlemen are hot below,
The Ladies hot above.

And now the smoaking tea-urn comes;
That's not the way to cool one.
Tea makes an empty stomach hot,
And hotter still a full one.

But then the evening walk's the thing,
Not if you're hot before:
The man who gives when sitting still,
Will, when he moves, give more.

And now the supper comes, and comes
To make things worse, I wot,
For supper while it heats the cool,
Can never cool the hot.

Hymn to the Evening Star.

Mild star of eve, whose tranquil beams
Are grateful to the Queen of Love
Fair planet, whose effulgence gleams
More bright than all the host above,
And only to the moon's clear light
Yields the first honours of the night!

All hail, thou soft, thou holy star,
Thou glory of the midnight sky!
And when my steps are wand'ring far,
Leading the shepherd-minstrelsy,
Then, if the moon deny her ray,
Oh guide me, Hesper, on my way.

No savage robber of the dark,
No foul assassin claims thy aid,
To guide his dagger to its mark,
Or light him on his plund'ring trade;
My gentler errand is to prove
The transports of requited love.

One half a luscious fruit prefix'd to *one*,
Will show a heav'nly blessing long since gone!
For which each wise and virtuous Briton sighs,
The gift of heaven, and fav'rite of the skies!
That the chill breast of poverty would cheer,
Delight the soul and dry the falling tear.

COME gentlemen, you I address myself to,
For the name of this flattering rogue,
You love it no doubt, and you'll soon find it out,
For amongst you its greatly in vogue.
It smiles in your face, when the slave you embrace,
My words you will find to be true,
But it leaves a great curse, like for better for worse.
Which your cunning can never undo.
But he that denies it, and with ease can despise it,
And makes it his servant, not master,
Will find it his friend, and on him 'twill attend,
And comfort him when in disaster.
But he that pursues it, will highly abuse it,
For when it's bel v'd, it's a tyrant,
Destroying your health, good humour and wealth,
As sure as if you set fire on't.

DEAR ladies I send you a basket of fruit,
Which I hope will prove good and all palates will suit,
Most of them I think are of excellent flavor,
And if you'll accept them, you'll do me a favor.—
What in winter the cattle do oftentimes eat,
And what grows on hedges is part of my treat,
For my next take a file which you'll find very near,
And what grows on elder trees every year,
Myself and three fourths of the contra to short,
Make one may be eaten in city or court.
And if you transpose it another 'twill make,
That is useful for puddings and also for cake,
What the coin of this kingdom is, changing one letter
And adding an S. make one that's far better.
The drink of the gods, and three fourths of a tree,
Name another, whose flavor is too rich for me,
The whole of that tree, join'd to a temptation,
Is call'd the best fruit that grows in this nation,
The name of a pulse and two fifths of a seat,
Make another that's charming and adds to my treat,
For the next, take a month and leave out the last letter,
And a very small dwelling instead of a better,
The name of a very unfortunate prince,
Who quitted his country not many years since,
Will name a good fruit which in winter is fine,
And of which many people make very good wine,
If a mother and offspring you carefully join,
They'll name you another a fav'rite of mine,—
Now dear British ladies, I've one more to add,
Take yourselves, and a very nice fruit will be had,
So now I have done as my basket's quite full,
And their names you'll explain as you seldom are dull.

A Dirge to the Memory of Capt. Charles W. Thompson, First Regt. Guards, who fell in the Action off Bidart, on the 19th Dec. 1813. By Mrs. OPIE.

Weep not, he died as Heroes die!
The death permitted to the brave?
Mourn not—he lies where soldiers lie,
And Valour envies such a grave!

His was the love of bold emprize;
Of soldiers' hardships—soldiers' fame;
And his the wish by arms to rise,
And gain a proud, a deathless name.

For this he burn'd the midnight oil,
And por'd on lofty deeds untir'd,
Resolv'd like Valour's sons to toil,
And *be* the hero he *admir'd*.

Yet gentler arts, yet softer lore,
Could lure him to their tuneful page,
And Dante's dread inspiring power,
And Petrarch's love his soul engage.

How sweetly from his accents flow'd
The Tuscan Poets' magic strains!
But vainly Heav'n such powers bestow'd—
He fought, he *bled*, on Gallia's plains!

No mother's kiss, no sister's tear,
Embalm'd the victim's fatal wound;
No father prayed *beside* his bier,
No brother clasp'd his arm *around*!

Amidst the cannon's loud alarms
He fell, as soldiers still *must* fall;
His bier his toil-worn comrades' arms,
And earth's green turf his funeral pall.

But who is he in arms array'd
That bids the verdant turf unclose?
Who dares that dread obscure invade?
Who break's the soldier's chill repose*

A heart he priz'd, a hand he lov'd—
The daring deed *excuse, impel*—
His brother comes, by fondness mov'd,
To look a brother's last farewell!

And lo! to meet his speaking eye,
That silent eye's reveal'd to light,
And hallow'd by his bursting sigh
The earth that hid it from the sight.

See, from his breast his hand removes
The treasur'd gem he joy'd to wear,—
The holy theft Affection loves,
And Feeling holds the spoiler dear.

Tis done—his long last look he takes,
And bids the turf for ever close,
His brother's grave he then forsakes—
To meet, like him, his country's foes.

But may that power whose high behest
Decreed the one an early grave,
Still guard the other's valiant breast,
And him for anxious kindred save!

Yet why lament? to daring souls
Such patriot deaths of *choice* belong;
That thought Regret's keen pang controuls,
And thus we frame our votive song.

"Weep not; he dies as heroes die,
The death permitted to the brave!
Mourn not—he lies where soldiers lie,
And Valour envies such a grave!"

* A true incident.

Bonaparte's Soliloquy.

T' invade, or not invade?—That is the question.—
Whether 'twere better policy to bear
The discontented spirit of my army,
To whom I've promis'd plunder; or to make
A grand attack on Britain?—T' invade—to fight—
On their own shores, a people fam'd for valour;
And by that fight at once to put an end
To the eternal jealousy and strife,
Subsisting 'twixt the French and English nations;
And, what is most desirable to me,
England's complete o'erthrow!—T' invade—to fight,—
To fight?—perchance be *beat?*—ay, there's the rub
That shakes my resolution most; besides,
Should the French fleet e'en brave the British thunder,
How soon a ball or bullet might decide
The Premier Consul's fate—must give me pause.—
Such is the reason of my long delay
To execute my threat.—Fear holds me back,
Tho' desp'rate motives urge.—Else, who could bear
Unsatisfied the strong desire I feel
To conquer Britain; desolate her towns;
Her bulwarks burn; and drench her plains with blood?
Who could endure the mortifying sight
Of English cruizers, impudently bold,
Blockading e'en the very ports of France;—
But that the dread of Britain's dauntless sons,
(That free unconquer'd race!)—"puzzles my will;"—
And makes me rather all the dangers brave,
That hover round my present slipp'ry state.—
Than heedless rush to almost certain death
On hated Albion's shores?—Thus Prudence, Fear,
And Policy combin'd, can change the hue
Of Resolution; and thus serious thought
Can alter plans of greatest "pith and moment;"
And make th' Invasion I so long have threaten'd,
In *Nothing* end!

The Rev. Mr Birds Cottage
near HEREFORD

THE LITTLE CHIMNEY-SWEEPER.

(Founded on Fact.)

'TWAS a keen frofty morn, and the
fnow heavy falling, [calling:
When a Child of Misfortune was thus fadly
" Sweep, fweep.—I am cold! and the
fnow very deep, [Sweep!
O pray take compaffion on poor little
Sweep chimney, fweep."

The tears down his cheeks in large drops
were faft rolling, [ftrolling;
Unnotic'd, unpity'd, by thofe by him
Who frequently warn'd him at diftance to
keep, [little Sweep!
While heery'd—"Take compaffion on poor
Sweep chimney, fweep."

In vain he implor'd paffing ftrangers for
pity, [his ditty:
This fmil'd at his plaints, and that banter'd
Humanity's offspring as yet lay afleep,
Nor heard the fad wailings of poor little
Sweep!
" Sweep chimney, fweep."

At the ftep of a door, half-froze and de-
jected, [and neglected;
He fat down, and griev'd to be fhunn'd
When a kind-hearted damfel, by chance
faw him weep, [little Sweep!
And refolv'd to befriend, yes, the poor
" Sweep chimney, fweep."

Unmindful of fneers, to a neighbour's fhe
led him, [fed him:
Warm'd his limbs by the fire, and tenderly
And, oh, what delight did this fair mai-
den reap, [little Sweep!
When fhe found a loft brother, in poor
" Sweep chimney, fweep."

With rapture fhe gaz'd on each black
footy feature, [ling creature;
And hugg'd to her bofom the foul-fmel-
Whø, fav'd by a fifter, no longer need
creep, [little Sweep!
Through lanes, courts, and alleys, a poor
" Sweep chimney, fweep."

MY heart with love is beating,
Fond trembler feel it move,
To thee each vow repeating,
Who taught it first to love.
To thee my life's best treasure,
I'll breath them o'er and o'er,
With ardent love and pleasure,
Till time shall be no more.

My heart with love is beating,
It's fond emotions prove,
To thee its vows repeating,
My life, my soul, my love.
The sun shall lose esch motion,
The heaven's each fix'd decree,
And cease to roll the ocean,
Ere I prove false to thee.

THERE'S a dear little plant that grows in our Isle,
'Twas St. Patrick himself sure that set it,
And the sun on his labour with pleasure did smile,
And with dew from his eye often wet it.
It thrives thro' the bog, thro' the brake, thro' the mireland,
And he call'd it the dear little Shamrock of Ireland.

This dear little plant still grows in our land,
Fresh and fair as the daughters of Erin,
Whose smile can bewitch, whose eyes can command,
In each climate that each shall appear in.
And shine thro' the bog, thro' the brake, thro' the mireland,
Just like their own dear little Shamrock of Ireland.

This dear little plant that springs from our soil
When its three little leaves are extended,
Denotes from one stalk we together should toil,
And ourselves by ourselves be befriended;
And still thro' the bog, thro' the brake, thro' the mireland,
From one root should branch like the Shamrock of Ireland.

THE RATS, MICE, AND CAT;

A Fable.

Addreſſed to Britannia.

"THE Butterfly's ball, and the Graſshopper's feaſt,"
"The Peacock at home" of refin'd modern taſte!
Are a pair of rich fancies*, ſo delicious and nice,
As to charm into ſong even Rats and Mice.
For they, like their betters, who ſport in the air,
Or feaſt on the dunghill void of reaſon or care,
Can dance round their circles, and taſte princely fare.
The ſcent of a feaſt, and the noiſe of a Fife,
Irreſiſtibly ſtrike on *mere animal* life.
From the *fam'd Bright Pavilion* to the Vermin's dark cell,
Of routs, balls, and feaſtings, all ranks now can tell!
A Rat, a bold Chieftain of Northern extraction,
Who oft had regal'd to the Farmer's vexation;
Propos'd a grand Gala in garner juſt by,
And call'd for his Squire—who was nibbling a pie.
The rout ſoon arrang'd on a novel gay plan:
In time (if nought elſe) 'twas to rival proud Man!
The dinner announc'd preciſely at elev'n;
The concert and ball to conclude about ſeven.
The Orcheſtra as full as becoming fine Rats,
Aſſiſted (with ſkill) by gay airy young Bats.
The Owl too, ſweet Pallas! might juſt warble a note
As he paſs'd from the Abbey to a Ruin remote.
A lift of the gueſts 'tis quite needleſs to give; where they live;
To name their diſtinctions, or Towns
Suffice it to ſay the aſſembly was grand,
Though Catalani the Nightingale! not can command?
For ten or twelve thouſands what Rat
Mean-while a ſly Mouſe with his Spoſa fair,
(choice pair),
As ſoft as the ermine that wraps the cold breeze.
Commenc'd a ſhrill concert near a neighbouring cheeſe,
And danc'd to the ſound of the whiſtling
A Cat who had ſcent of both parties of treaſure!
pleaſure,
And ey'd them alternate a ſweet dainty
Sagaciouſly watch'd near their pilfering greſs retreats.
feats,
And prowl'd round the mouths of their re-
The tragical ſequel, *too moving* to paint:
Chill'd fancy might ſtartle, ſoft feelings might faint,
At the repreſentation of the ſanguinary fight,
When beaux, belles, and foplings, ſcream'd loud that gay night!
Oh lovely Britannia! thou Queen of the Iſles!
Whom dangers ſurround whilſt falſe pleaſure beguiles,
Beware of the Vermin that prey on thy ſhores;
Nor forget that a Tiger now threatens thy ſhores!

ONE half of an animal of the cat kind,
Ferocious and artful: to which must be join'd
A dog full as bad as the first: and the last
Is three fourths of a word, that is us'd for the blest;
Join all these together, and they will declare,
A lawgiver mentioned in each Grecian's pray'r.

OF my first every one is possess'd,
Though sometimes 'tis hid by my second;
My whole is an insect soon guess'd,
If you're an enigmatist reckon'd.

THE praise of genius and of gems
Will in my first appear;
A negative's reverse, you'll own,
Is in my second clear;
And in my third has oft been seen
A beauteous dame and would be queen.

BE caution'd Devotee, ere you advance,
To lay your hand upon the shrine of chance;
Hope leads us to the temple, but when there,
She leaves us to the guidance of despair.

TIME goes, Death comes, two truths in one dull line!
A third should tell thee that the verse is mine:
But, known already by the theme I chose,
My name that knowledge will of course excuse.
Of *past*, or *present*, what remains to say?—
One is a *Yesterday*, and one *To-day*.
To Morrow, if it comes, shall not behold
The hours those slighted fugitives have told.
So quickly gone, and to return no more,
No spell, no charm their virtues shall restore;
Yet they had virtues of sufficient pow'r
To raise the value of each future hour,
If we (long prodigal, scarce wise at last)
Had mark'd the winged blessings as they pass'd.
Of twice ten years of mingled joys and pains,
Of hopes and fears,—what mighty sum remains?
'Tis this, (in reason's eye 'tis nothing more)
We're twice ten winters older than before.—
Twice ten years hence, what then? ah! who can tell?
Perhaps, 'ere then, we bid the world farewell,
Quit the vain bustle of this passing scene,
And join the list of those who once have been.
Or if protracted life, to us, should give
Another period like the last to live,
'Twere but with new reflections to deplore
The vanish'd moments that return no more,
And with less vigour to improve the sum
Of those which Heav'n might still permit to come.
Resign'd to either fate, 'tis ours to tread
The paths which surely lead us—to the Dead.
Start not:—not lonely is the road we take;
All human kind this pilgrimage now make;
The journey with humanity began,
And when 'tis finish'd,—then too ceases MAN.
Till then 'tis open—and employ'd by all:
The common passage of the Great and Small;
And, spite of all this giddy World admires,
Still DEATH approaches—as the HOUR retires.

My first's a name which all men have deserv'd,
Save him who first was form'd in mortal frame;
And though no woman can the title claim,
Without them could it never be preserv'd:
My second, fatal engine of surprise,
Destroys the tenants of the stream and grove; [love,
My whole, in measur'd rhymes which breathe of
Convey'd to Laura's ear her poet's sighs. *Ibid.*

My first conveys to Betsy's breast,
The passion Peter e'er profess'd;
My next's a pledge of his true love,
Witness'd by all the powers above;
My whole does ornament each side
Of lovely Betsy, Peter's bride.

My nodding first a beauteous aspect yields,
When waving corn adorns the cultur'd fields;
Seek for my next in yonder shady grove,
When birds unite in harmony and love;
Perfidious man, my whole's a pledge to bind
The verbal contracts of thy fickle mind.

TO A KISS.

BY DR. WALCOTT.

SOFT child of love, thou balmy bliss,
Inform me, O delicious kiss,
Why thou so suddenly art gone,
Lost in the moment thou art won,
Yet go—for wherefore should I sigh
On Delia's lip with raptur'd eye,
On Delia's blushing lip I see,
A thousand full as sweet as thee.

A View of the ruins of the late dreadful Fire at Ratcliffe taken from the River.

An EPIGRAM.

Tother day on the Change,
I did hear rumours strange,
About France our inveterate foe,
"Said a Wag O' what *fun*,
To behold *Monsieur* run,
When *John Bull* doth his *bayonet shew*.

True indeed reply'd I,
None can ever deny
British courage when put to the test,
But enough has been done,
Of what you call *fun*,
In its *sheath* let the *bayonet rest*.

PERMIT me, fair Ladies, 'fore you to appear,
Nor deem't a presuming request;
By all I'm acquainted with, I am held dear,
And heartily welcom'd their guest.
My body is thin, of form most complete,
I'm very well skill'd in address;
I begin with a promise, the accent's so sweet,
It readily gains me access.
Much good and much harm, to the world I have done,
Some by me deceived have been,
(Our failings we ever should candidly own)
And others my services seen.
The rich oft, but rarely the poor me possess;—
So pleasing am I to behold,
With care I'm preserv'd by some who confess,
They would not exchange me for gold.
We roam thro' the nation like wandering Jews,
Are treated like vagabonds base;
Confin'd in prison, whenever you chuse,
Though innocent—piteous case!

O what, ye fair, has been your anxious joy
When first I met ye, modest, fair, and coy;
From thence your friend, I never from you part,
But oft secure what's dearest to your heart.
Tho' not to you am I alone confin'd,
For man imperious too I was design'd.
Pellucid gems do sometimes me surround,
At other times bedaub'd with dirt I'm found.
With royal George in regal state attend,
And like eternity I have no end.
Blessings I bring, they say, unto the fair,
Then, ladies, may you soon possess your share.

My first is a title of eminent worth,
Which all must wish to attain;
My second's to winter indebted for birth,
And sport yields to beau and to swain;
My whole is a quality few dare disown,
In courts 'tis profess'd I appear.
But Ipswich is where I'm more publicly known,
For in truth I'm personified there.

If in this world of breathing harm
There lurk one universal charm,
One power, which to no clime confin'd,
Sways every heart and every mind,
Which cheers the monarch on his throne,
The slave beneath the torrid zone,
The soldier rough, the fetter'd sage,
And careless youth, and helpless age,
And all that live, and breathe, and move,
'Tis the pure kiss of Infant Love.
Ev'n tyrants, whose suspicious ear
Loath the lip-praise they seem to hear,
Seek in some child of tender age,
Some lisping girl, some urching page,
The mind's stern feelings to relieve,
With sounds of love they dare believe.
Ev'n they, of human kind the stain,
Banditti fierce, or pirate train,
Exiles, who ne'er shall hear the sound
Of sweet and guileless mirth rebound;
Ev'n they their gloomy brows unbend
To a stern rugged tenderness,
When some sweet infant's gay caress,
Wooing, awhile from vice, imparts
A human feeling to their hearts:
Ev'n they can love the blooming toy
That 'woke the long-still'd pulse of joy.
That kiss can deaden pain's rude throb,
Can silence misery's bitter sob;
It sways from Ind to Zealand's coast;
All feel—and Woman feels it most.

She was not a maid,
And is not a maid,
But tho' not a maid
Yet a wife she would be;
If her husband prove a man,
Worthy Nature's best plan,
Her faults he will not scan,
Nor doubt her chastity.

Forc'd from home, and all its pleasures,
Afric's Coast I left forlorn,
To increase a stranger's treasures
O'er the raging billows borne.
Men from England bought and sold me,
Paid my price in paltry gold;
But tho' their's they have enroll'd me,
Minds are never to be sold.

Still in thought as free as ever,
What are England's rights, I ask,
Me from my delights to sever,
Me to torture, me to task?
Fleecy locks, and black complexion,
Cannot forfeit Nature's claim;
Skins may differ, but affection
Dwells in White and Black the same.

Why did all-creating Nature
Make the plant for which we toil?
Sighs must waft it, tears must water,
Sweat of our's must dress the soil.
Think, ye Masters, iron hearted,
Sitting at your jovial boards,
Think how many backs have smarted
For the sweet your canes affords.

Is there, as ye sometimes tell us—
Is there One who reigns on high?
Has he bid you buy and sell us?
Speaking from his Throne—the Sky!
Ask him, if your knotted scourges,
Fetters, blood-extorting screws,
Are the means which duty urges
Agents of his will to use?

Hark! He answers—Wild tornadoes,
Strewing yonder sea with wrecks,
Wasting towns, plantations, meadows,
Is the voice with which he speaks.
He, foreseeing what vexations
Afric's Sons would undergo,
Fix'd their Tyrant's habitations
Where his whirlwinds answer—No!

By our blood in Afric wasted,
Ere our necks received the chain;
By the miseries which we tasted,
Crossing, in your barks, the main;
By our suff'rings since ye brought us
To the man degrading mart,
All sustain'd, by patience taught us,
Only by a broken heart.

Deem our nations brutes no longer,
Till some reason ye shall find,
Worthier of regard, and stronger
Than the colours of our kind.
Slaves of gold, whose sordid dealings
Tarnish all your boasted pow'rs,
Prove that you have human feelings,
Ere you proudly question our's.

Unrivall'd stands thy country Cheese, O *Giles!*
Whose very name alone engenders smiles;
Whose fame abroad by every tongue is spoke,
The well-known butt of many a flinty joke,
That pass like current coin the nation through;
And, ah! experience proves the satire true.
Provision's grave, thou ever craving mart,
Dependant, huge Metropolis! where Art
Her poring thousands stows in breathless rooms,
Midst pois'nous smokes and steams, and rattling looms:
Where Grandeur revels in unbounded stores;
Restraint, a slighted stranger at their doors!
Thou, like a whirlpool, drain'st the countries round,
Till London market, London price, resound
Through every town, round every passing load,
And dairy produce throngs the eastern road:
Delicious veal, and butter, every hour,
From Essex lowlands, and the banks of Stour,
And further far, where numerous herds repose,
From Orwell's brink, from Waveney, or Ouse.
Hence Suffolk dairy-wives run mad for cream,
And leave their milk with nothing but its name:
Its name derision and reproach pursue,
And strangers tell of "three times skimm'd sky-blue"
To cheese converted, what can be its boast?
What, but the common virtues of a post?
If drought o'ertake it faster than the knife,
Most fair it bids for stubborn length of life,
And, like the oaken shelf whereon 'tis laid,
Mocks the weak efforts of the berding blade;
Or in the hog-trough rests in perfect spite,
Too big to swallow, and too hard to bite.
Inglorious victory! Ye Cheshire meads,
Or Severn's flow'ry dales, where plenty treads,
Was your rich milk to suffer wrongs like these,
Farewell your pride! farewell renowned cheese!
The skimmer dread, whose ravages alone
Thus turn the mead's sweet nectar into stone.

CITY of HEREFORD.
From the GREEN-COACH, HORNSEYRT. *on the* ROAD.

Sonnet to the Rev. Francis Capper,

CAPPER, thy flock thou fifty years hast led
With pious zeal, and with a heart benign;
On wholesome pastures faithfully them fed,
Not shorn the fleece, and left the sheep to pine;
But walk'd before them like a good divine.
A bright example to thy brethren round—
Fit on the Magisterial Bench to shine,
With heart unbias'd, and with judgment sound—
Now young and old to speak thy praise combine,
Who on thy bounty a full feast have found.
Long may'st thou live, and late feel life's decline,
And no sad sorrow e'er thy bosom wound;
While hoary hairs around thy temples twine,
A glorious wreath with which the good are crown'd!

CURSES and blessings from my first proceed,
As very oft in history we read:
The reeling sot with half-clos'd eyes,
In vain t'effect my second tries;
Without my third, you'll clearly note,
A good Charade is seldom wrote.

MY first fell soft on beauty's breast,
Where it intended long to rest,
But being rival'd and perplext,
For shame dissolv'd into my next;
My whole's a pretty modest flower,
That grows around Louisa's bower.

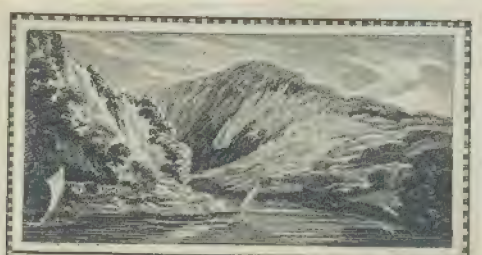
THE DRUM.

I hate the Drum's discordant sound,
Parading round, and round, and round;
To thoughtless youth it pleasure yields
And lures from cities and from fields,
To sell their liberty for charms
Of tawdry lace and glitt'ring arms;
And when Ambition's voice commands,
To march, and fight, and fall, in foreign lands.
I hate that Drum's discordant sound,
Parading round, and round, and round:
To me it talks of ravag'd plains,
And burning towns, and ruin'd swains,
And mangled limbs, and dying groans,
And widows' tears; and orphans' moans;
And all that Misery's hand bestows,
To fill the catalogue of human woes.

AS *Chloris* on her downy pillow lay,
'Twixt ſleep and wake, the morning ſlid away;
Soft at her chamber-door, a tap ſhe heard,
She liſtned, and again—no one appear'd:
"Who's there?" the ſprightly nymph with courage cries. ["ſhip dies."
"Ma'm, 'tis the man, who for your la'-
"Sure 'tis deluſion. What, a dying lover!
"Yet ſpeak once more, what is't you "want, however?"
A ſecond time thoſe accents pierc'd her ear;
Sweet was the ſound, tranſported was the fair.
"At length mankind are juſt," her la'ſhip ſaid,
Drew on her night-gown, then ſtept out of bed, [right,
Look'd in the glaſs, confeſs'd him in the
"Who thinks me not a beauty, 'tis mere "ſpight.
"Aſſemble, ye coquets, with envy burn,
"And view the wonders which my eyes "have done.
"In vain your pert and forward airs you "try, ["farther fly,
"Mankind, the more you court, the
"And 'tis for me, and only me they die.
"But how ſhall I receive him?" (cries the dame.)
"Prudence allows not pity—I muſt blame.
"Perhaps, poor ſoul, he has ſigh'd in "ſecret, long, ["his tongue:
"Ere the preſumptuous thought fell from
"I am the cauſe, yet innocent, by heaven;
"Why were theſe eyes for ſuch deſtruction "given! ["one feature;"
"'Tis not my fault, I did not make
Then turn'd the lock to view the dying creature. [ſwain now prove?
But ah! — Who ſhou'd th' enamour'd
A wretch who dy'd by trade—and not for love.
No mortal pen can figure her ſurprize,
Willing to truſt her ears, but not her eyes.

A SEAT of triumph and of fame,
This is my first: my next a name
To kingdom oft applied:
My whole a splendid colour shows,
The ruddy colour of the rose,
The gardens chiefest pride.

THREE syllables compose a name,
Which, when reversed, is still the same;
It designates delicious fruit,
Whose purchase, not all pockets suit



The BANKS of the WYE. VIEW II.
Near the VILLAGE of ELLAPOOR, below MONMOUTH

WIDE o'er the tremulous sea,
The moon spread her mantle of light,
And the gale, gently dying away,
Breath'd soft on the bosom of Night.

On the forecastle MARATAN stood,
And pour'd forth his sorrowful tale;
His tears fell unseen in the flood,
His sighs pass'd unheard in the gale.

"Ah, wretch!" in wild anguish he cry'd,
"From country and liberty torn!
"Ah, MARATAN, would thou hadst died,
"Ere o'er the salt waves thou wert borne.

"Thro' the groves of Angola I stray'd,
"Love and Hope made my bosom their home,
"There I talk'd with my favourite maid,
"Nor dreamt of the sorrows to come.

"From the thicket the man-hunter sprung,
"My cries echoed loud thro' the air;
"There was fury and wrath on his tongue,
"He was deaf to the voice of Despair.

"Accurs'd be the merciless band,
"That his love could from MARATAN tear;
"And blasted this impotent hand,
"That sever'd from all I held dear.

"Flow ye tears, down my cheeks ever flow,
"Still let sleep from my eye-lids depart;
"And still may the arrows of woe
"Drink deep of the stream of my heart.

"But hark! o'er the silence of night
"My ADILA's accents I hear;
"And mournful, beneath the wan light,
"I see her lov'd image appear.

"Slow o'er the smooth ocean she glides,
"As the mist that hangs light on the wave;
"And fondly her lover she chides,
"Who lingers so long from his grave.

"Oh, MARATAN! haste thee, she cries,
"Here the reign of Oppression is o'er;
"The tyrant is robb'd of his prize,
"And ADILA sorrows no more.

"Now sinking amidst the dim ray,
"Her form seems to fade on my view:
"O! stay thee, my ADILA stay,
"She beckons, and I must pursue.

"To-morrow the white man, in vain,
"Shall proudly account me his SLAVE:
"My shackles I plunge in the main,
"And rush to the realms of the brave.

OH! woman they say
Was created one day,
As a comfort to man sent to bless him;
'Twas meant she should charm him,
And never should harm him,
But solace and cure and caress him.
But woman they say,
Never goes the right way,
She's the same as we hear in all nations,
For she quickly began,
To cause nothing to man,
But distraction, and care, and vexations.

They please us, they teaze us,
They vex us, perplex us,
Oh! woman's of mischief inventor,
They first break our hearts,
Then they laugh at our smarts,
Oh! woman's a cruel tormentor.

A woman is glad,
When she drives a man mad,
Some think she's the spirit of evil,
This of one wife is true,
But the man who gets two,
To his cost finds two wives are the D****.

But when something ails us,
And sickness assails us,
Oh! then all their sins are forgiven,
How softly they greet us,
How tenderly treat us,
Oh! then she's an angel from heaven.

Spite of all their caprices,
My anger now ceases,
The man is a fool who can doubt them,
Woman's heart after all,
A strange thing you may call,
But pray what would this world be without them.

THOU precious ringlet! all that now is mine
Of one so dearly lov'd! that oft has bless'd
With soft and soothing thoughts my anxious breast
Once more I ope' with trembling hands the shrine,
In which fond care hath guarded thee. Still shine
Thy dark brown tints: time has not dispossess'd
The soft hairs of their gloss.—Oh, oft' caress'd!
Oh, dear memorial of that form divine!
Thou, 'mid'st the pangs of absence, can'st impart
Soft whispering hopes, lull with a flatt'ring dream
The wild emotions of my throbbing heart,
And calm away each passion's rude extreme;
And, led by thee, my wrap'd thoughts fondly stray
With her from whom I wander far away.

THE higher that the cedar tree
Under the heavens do grow;
The more in danger is the top
When sturdy winds 'gin blow.

Who judges then in princely throne
To be devoid of hate;
Doth not yet know what heaps of ill
Lie hid in such estate.

Such dangers great, such gripes of mind,
Such toils do they sustain;
That oftentimes, of God, they wish
To be unking'd again.

For as the huge and mighty rocks
Withstand the raging seas;
So kingdoms in subjection be,
Whereas dame Fortune please:

Of brittle joy, of smiling cheer,
Of honey mix'd with gall,
Allotted is to ev'ry prince
In freedom to be thrall.

What watches long, what steps unsure,
What grief, and cares of mind;
What bitter broils, what endless toils,
To kingdoms be assign'd.

The subject then may well compare
To prince for pleasant days;
Whose silent night brings quiet rest,
Whose might no storm bewrays:

How much be we then bound to God,
Who such provision makes;
To lay our cares upon the prince,
This doth he for our sakes:

To him therefore let us lift up
Our hearts and pray amain,
That ev'ry prince, that he hath plac'd,
May long in quiet reign!

Could I suffer pale Envy my breast to invade,
This spot would I wish for, this cottage my shade;
For Peace and Tranquillity dwell in this shed,
And sweet are the rushes that pillow the head.

LET the Epicure boast the delight of his soul,
In the high season'd dish, and the rich flowing bowl;
Can they give such true joys as benevolence can,
Or as charity feels when it benefits man.
Let him know the kind impulse that suffers with grief,
Let him taste the delight of affording relief;
Let him serve the great author of nature's great plan,
Who design'd man to act as the brother of man.

Though deceiv'd by a friend, let him see what he'll gain,
When the impulse of anger he learns to restrain;
Though great the offence, oh, forgive if you can,
For revenge is a monster disgraceful to man,
Think the chapter of life, oft reverses the scene,
And the rich man becomes what the poor man has been;
Think that chapter must end, for but short is the span,
That will give us the power to benefit man.

HYMN *for* SICKNESS.

YES, Lord! thy hand has ſunk me low!
Nor let one thought repine!
I'd rather preſs this bed of woe,
Than virtue's path decline!

What's beſt for *man*, *heav'n* beſt can ſee!
Health might have prov'd my ſnare!
Heav'n loves to let its ſervants be
As bleſt as they can bear!

Affliction aſks the mourner's part;
And ſigh the ſufferer may:
When tortures wring the fainting heart,
What heart can then be gay?

Yet, that the patient's good's deſign'd,
(And faith believes it true)
Inſpires a conſtancy of mind,
Affliction can't ſubdue!

Perhaps the *woes*, that life ſupplies
Give *raptures* power to pleaſe!
Then is the diſpenſation wiſe,
That fits for *thoſe* by *theſe*.

The ſofteſt calm a *ſtorm* foregoes;
Life's brighteſt hour, a *ſhade*:
Its richeſt charms, gay ſummer owes
To winter's ſcenes ſurvey'd.

Yet from th' experiment I ſhrink!—
All's *vaſt*, and *final* there! —
Stand dauntleſs on *for-ever*'s brink
What hardy hero dare!

Of two extremes, and which unknown,
One proves my endleſs doom! —
I riſe before th'eternal throne —
Or plunge to central gloom!—

I fix, if heaven with grace abound,
As beſt for *all* ſhall be! —
If right my little ſphere be found,
I fix as beſt for *me!*

O thou! whoſe favour more I prize
Than all beneath the ſky!
Say, "I am thine"! it ſhall ſuffice,
And I can ſmile and die!

INTALIA.

Be her ſhining locks confin'd
In a threefold braid behind;
Let an artificial flow'r
Set the friſure off before;
Here, and there, weave ribbon pat in,
Ribbon of the fineſt fattin.

T blended with those flowers of varying form,
That mark'd the changing season; not entwin'd
ith the red promise of the winter's storm,
Will I, fair flow'r, thy softer blossoms bind.
, no! sweet emblem of affection's year,
That knows no change of season; thou shalt live
orn'd with every charm to memory dear,
Vith every grace unfading bloom can give.
Like the mountain plant, which firm as fair,
ares its sweet bosom to the winter's wind;
ilst the wild storms that prouder blossoms tear,
o the lov'd spot, its faithful fibres bind:
hatt thou live, in sorrow's wintry day,
midst hertempests rude, shed all the sweets of May

The following Song was sung at the Anniversary of Mr. Pitt's Birth-day, celebrated at Edinburgh. It was written by Walter Scott, Esq.

O dread was the time, and more dreadful the omen,
When the brave on Marengo lay slaughter'd in vain,
And beholding broad Europe bent down by her foemen,
Pitt clos'd in his anguish the map of her reign.
Not the fate of wide Europe could bend his brave spirit,
To accept for his country the safety of shame,
O then in her triumph, remember his merit,
And hallow the goblet that flows to his name!

Round the husbandman's head, while he traces the furrow,
The mists of the winter may mingle with rain,
He may plough it with labour, and sow it in sorrow,
And sigh while he fears he has sow'd it in vain.
He may discern his children shall reap in their gladness;
But the blithe harvest-home shall remember his claim:
And their jubilee shout shall be soften'd with sadness,
While they hallow the goblet that flows to his name!

Though anxious and tireless his life was expended,
In toils for our country preserved by his care,
Though he died ere one ray o'er the nations ascended,
To light the long darkness of doubt and despair;
The storms he endured in our Britain's December,
The perils his wisdom foresaw and o'ercame,
In her glory's rich Autumn shall Britain remember,
And hallow the goblet that flows to his name!

Nor forget His grey head, who, all dark in affliction,
Is deaf to the tale of our victories won,
And to sounds the most dear to paternal affection,
The shout of his people applauding his son;
By his firmness unmoved in success or disaster,
By his long reign of virtue, remember his claim!
With our tribute to Pitt join the praise of his Master,
Though a tear stain the goblet that flows to his name!

Yet again fill the wine-cup, and change the sad measure,
The rites of our grief and our gratitude paid,
To our Prince, to our Warriors, devote the bright treasure,
The wisdom that plann'd, and the zeal that obey'd.
Fill Wellington's cup, till it beam like his glory!
Forget not our own brave Dalhousie and Graeme;
A thousand years hence hearts shall bound at their glory,
And hallow the goblet that flows to their fame!

An Elegy *on Mrs.* THOMPSON : *By Lady* MARY WORTLEY.

UNHAPPY fair! by fatal love betray'd!
Muſt then thy beauties thus untimely fade?
And all thy blooming, ſoft, inſpiring charms,
Become a prey to death's deſtructive arms?
Tho' ſhort thy day, and tranſient like the wind,
How far more bleſt than thoſe yet left behind!
Safe in the grave thy griefs with thee remain;
And life's tempeſtuous billows break in vain.
Ye tender nymphs, in lawleſs paſtimes gay,
Who heedleſs down the paths of pleaſure ſtray;
Tho' long ſecure, with bliſsful joy elate,
Yet pauſe, and think of Arabella's fate:
For ſuch may be your unexpected doom,
And your next ſlumbers lull you in the tomb.
But let it be the muſe's gentle care
To ſhield from envy's rage the mould'ring fair:
To draw a veil o'er faults ſhe can't defend;
And what prudes have devour'd, leave time to end:
Be it her part to drop a pitying tear,
And mourning ſigh around thy fable bier.
Nor ſhall thy woes long glad th' ill-natur'd crowd,
Silent to praiſe, and in detraction loud:
When ſcandal, that thro' life each worth deſtroys,
And malice, that imbitters all our joys,
Shall in ſome ill ſtarr'd wretch find later ſtains;
And let thine reſt, forgot as thy remains.

THE ROSE.

BY ALEXIS.

AS late each flower that sweetest blows
I pluck'd, the garden's pride!
Within the petals of a Rose
A sleeping Love I spied:

Around his brows a beamy wreath
Of many a lucent hue;
All purple glow'd his cheek, beneath
Inebriate with the dew.

I softly seiz'd th'unguarded power,
Nor scar'd his balmy nest;
And plac'd him cag'd within the flow'r,
On spotless Sarah's breast.

But, when, unweeting of the guile,
Awoke the pris'ner sweet;
He struggles to escape awhile,
And stamp'd his fairy feet.

Ah! soon the soul-entrancing sight
Subdu'd th' impatient boy!
He gaz'd, he thrill'd with sweet delight,
Then clapp'd his wings for joy.

"And O!" he cried, "of magic kind
"What charms this throne endear!
"Some other Love let Venus find—
"I'll fix my empire here.

The HERMITAGE, at HATCH COURT, Somerset, Seat of John Collins Esq.

Wretched the man who truſts to thee
Goddeſs of mutability!
He who upon thy ſmiles depends,
His life with diſappointment ends;
How oft amidſt his tow'ring ſchemes,
His deep laid plans, and golden dreams,
Doſt thou, with barbarous delight,
Put all his darling dreams to flight.--
Let none then on thy favour lean,
If they would keep their minds ſerene,
Unclouded with the fumes of care,
And undiſtracted by deſpair:
Too long on thee have I rely'd,
Thou fickle, falſe, fallacious guide:
Ne'er ſhalt thou tempt me, thou alluring cheat,
To quit theſe peaceful ſhades, this calm retreat,
In which ſubſtantial bleſſings I enjoy
Which the world cannot give me, nor deſtroy;
A conſcience clear, ſound body, and a mind
Content with little, chearful, and reſign'd!

He who enjoys theſe bleſſings, let his income be ever ſo ſtrait, is happier in the poſſeſſion of them than the large-acred, or large-funded villain in the midſt of all his worldly magnificence.

Remembrance.

Dr Darwin

When the soft tear steals silently
down from the eye
Take no note of the course nor dread
the low sigh
From some spring of soft sorrow
its origin flows
Some tender remembrance that keeps as it

Ah list not to say what will bring
to the mind
The joys that are fled or the friends
left behind
A tune or a song on the time of the
Stifles the sigh of reflection and
moves on the tu

Then the gay scenes of youth the
Remembrance they
Like summery days both are past pleasant

Fleeting shades now they seem that
glide silent away
The remains of past hours and
the ghost of each day
In the tear then drop soled nor
mark the fond eye
The sands second flowing no mortal
shall spy
For souls are judged for a life
so divine
When the feelings alone sacrifice
to the Shrine.

HAVOD. — VIEW II.
Looking down the VALE, *to the* RIVER TYLEGWITH

ADIEU to the village, adieu to the cot,
And shall I then never revisit the spot,
Which clings to remembrance with fondest delay,
Through the dreams of the night and the cares of the day

Yes, yes I will hope that again I shall hear,
The voices of friends to remembrance so dear,
And still do I hope that again I shall see,
The smiles that once gave a sweet welcome to me.

And yet how I fear to revisit the spot,
To steal through the village, to gaze at the cot,
For the pleasure and rapture that swell in my heart,
Cannot equal the anguish I feel when we part.

THE FAREWELL.

Addressed to Field Marshal Blucher.

Adieu to the kisses of Britain!
The noblest a country e'er gave;
For no sweeter praise could be hit on,
Than such kisses embalming a grave.
For they were the kisses of Heaven,
Unpurchased by promise or lucre;
They were free and spontaneously given
To the fame and glory of Blucher.
You want not, Great Warrior, then,
The Poet, to praise, as his trade is;
For you live in the tongues of the Men,
And die on the lips of the ladies.

Now January o'er the northern world
His fickle reign displays. A savage train
His steps pursue, as o'er the harass'd fields
He stalks; benumbing frost, chill sleet and hail
Hurling the stony show'r, and sweeping storm;
Disorder, want, and sorrow close the rear,
And shivering poverty and naked woe.
The spirit of destruction rides the storm
With deafening clamour, shrieking wild despair:
While boiling torrents, madly white with rage
Down through the mountain work a struggling way.
Perchance, as evening's gloom invests the pole,
The gathering snow falls fast and thick, the while
The undistinguished path is lost, and doubt
And danger stay the traveller's anxious speed.
With thund'ring knock and late, the lonely cot
He tries, and charitable shelter asks.
The timid inmates rous'd from careless sleep
The safer casement ope; nor till assur'd,
Unbar the cautious door, and dare admit
The whiten'd guest, who, from his garb, full drench'd,
Shakes down the fleecy weight, and cowering close,
Enjoys the cheerful chimney's crackling blaze.

MORNING.

Night wanes—the vapours round the mountains curl'd
Melt into morn, and light awakes the world.
Man has another day to swell the past,
And lead him near to little, but his last;
But mighty Nature bounds as from her birth
The sun is in the Heavens, and life on earth;
Flowers in the valley, splendour in the beam,
Health on the gale, and freshness in the stream,
Immortal man! behold her glories shine,
And cry, exulting inly, "they are thine!"
Gaze on, while yet thy gladden'd eye may see,
A morrow comes when they are not for thee;
And grieve what may above thy senseless bier,
Nor earth nor sky will yield a single tear:
Nor cloud shall gather more, nor leaf shall fall,
Nor gale breathe forth one sigh for thee, for all
But creeping things shall revel in their spoil,
And fit thy clay to fertilize the soil.

GOODRICH CASTLE on the WYE.

'TIS not the rose upon the cheek,
Nor eyes in langour soft that roll,
That fix the lover's timid glance,
And fire his wilder'd soul.

But 'tis the eye that swims in tears,
Diffusing soft a joy all holy,
So soothing to the heart of love.
And yet so melancholy.

The note that falters on the tongue;
Sweet as the dying voice of eve,
That calms the throbbing breast of pain,
Yet makes it love to grieve.

The hand alternate fiery warm,
And icy cold the bursting sigh,
The look that hopes yet seems to fear,
Pale cheek and burning eye.

These, these the magic circle twine,
The lover's' thoughts and feelings seize,
'Till scarce a son of earth he seems,
But lives in what he sees.

ON CHILDHOOD.

BY I. K.

In my poor mind, it is most sweet to muse
Upon the days gone by; to act in thought,
Past seasons o'er, and be again a child;
To sit, in fancy, on the turf clod slope,
Down which, the child would roll to pluck gay flowers,
Make posies in the sun, which the child's hand
(Childhood soon offended, soon reconciled)
Would throw away, and straight take up again:
Then fling them to the winds, and o'er the lawns
Bound with so playful and so light a foot,
That the press'd daisy scarce declin'd her head.

EPITAPH,

At Dymock, Gloucestershire.

Two sweetur babes you nare did see
Then God Amity geed to weg,
But they wur ortakun wee agurr fits
And here they lys has dead has nitts.

To Mr. SIGMOND, a celebrated Dentist, at Bath, on drawing one of the Author's Teeth.

By Mr. PRATT.

TO lose a friend, who, in this vale of tears,
Had been an honest helpmate fifty years!
A friend, who all that time had firmly stood,
And proved, in hardest duty, firm and good;
So close our union, that we seem'd but one,
Flesh of our mutual flesh, and bone of bone:
And when, full oft, on desperate service plac'd,
Each tough encounter like a hero fac'd!
Yet, O! from such a friend at length to part—
Ye, who e'er lost a tooth—O tell the smart.

Thrice every day—still eager for the fight,
He waged the war, and fought with all his might;
Prepared the muffin, touch'd the toast so nice,
And help'd at dinner through each dainty slice;
And O! what toils Herculean did he brave,
A stout day labourer and unwearied slave!
Now the gigantic ox he peace-meal tore,
And fang'd the ham of the Westphalian boar;
Now to the mouth the tempting lamb he drew,
And seiz'd on all that cook or butcher slew.
Yet, O! from such a friend at length to part—
Ye, who e'er lost a tooth—O tell the smart!

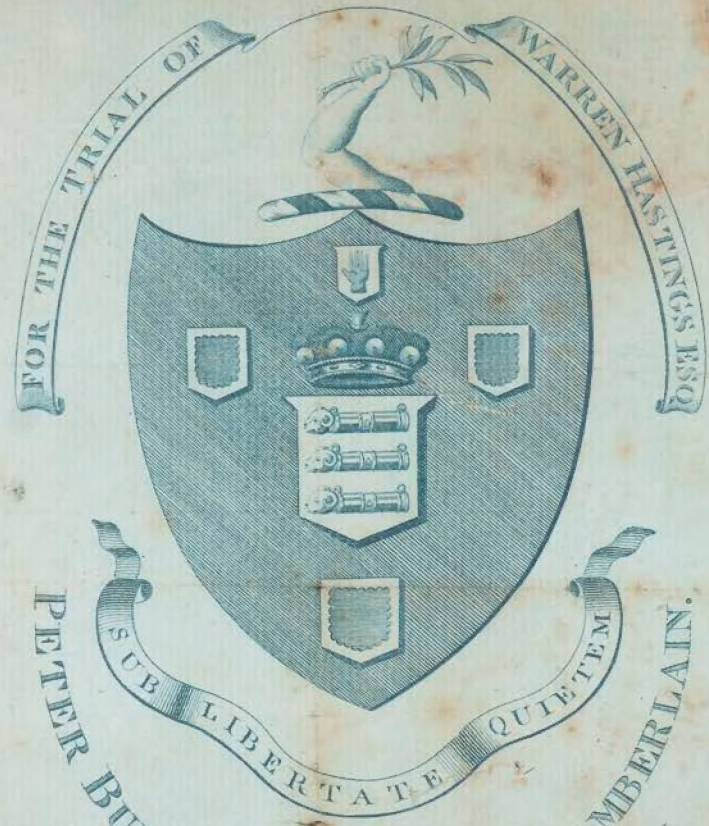
A sanguine compact! but since men *must* eat,
And spite of RITSON * will not leave off meat,
Poor hungry mortals go devouring on,
And the long course of devastation run;
How blest the man, who safely can depend,
In deeds so bloody, on a fearless friend.
Yet, O! from such a friend at length to part—
Ye, who e'er lost a tooth—O tell the smart!

Then what to cruel SIGMOND shall I say,
Whose ruthless forceps dragg'd this friend away;
And like the fatal furies with their shears,
Struck at the pride of half a hundred years!
And as the hapless victim bleeding lay,
And shew'd the mortal signs of life's decay,
What shall we say to him who thus could sever
Such a deep-rooted fav'rite for ever?

Yet friends, alas! there are, who though they prov'd
For many a year deserving to be lov'd,
Have false and hollow on the sudden turn'd,
And tarnish'd all the laurels they had earn'd,
Such was the outcast—long an honour'd guest,
Who stung at length the lips he once possess'd.

Then thanks to SIGMOND, whose sagacious eye
Could the foul traitor in his frauds espie—
See him at length his wonted aid give o'er,
Still fair in form, yet rotten at the core!
Yes, SIGMOND, thanks! an I could thy skill perceive
All the false friends, which like that tooth deceive—
Could'st thou detect each changeling's hollow part,
And pluck the rooted mischief from the heart;
Each lurking unsound flatterer make thy prey,
And drag the smiling traitor into day!
O couldst thou—ere the deadly poison spread—
Check the foul venom ere all truth be dead,
Could lancets, probes, or lotions cleanse the sore,
Ere falshood ulcerate each tainted pore,
What meed, blest Artist! could e'en kings bestow?
Were they to give their *thrones*, they still would owe!

Ms. Codex 1170



PETER BURRELL Dr GREAT CHAMBERLAIN.

FORTYSIXTH DAY

Chesworthe

Ms Codex